

# The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1902.

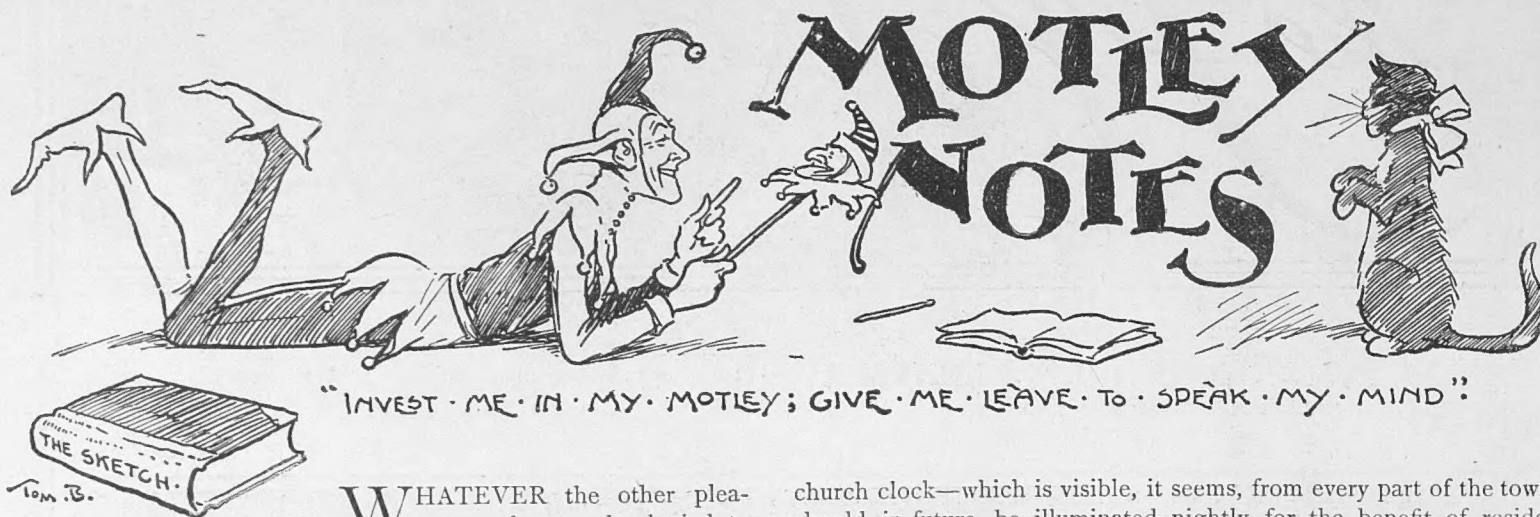
SIXPENCE.



MISS EMILIE TREE AS "CANADA" IN THE EMPIRE CORONATION BALLET, "OUR CROWN."

*Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.*





WHATEVER the other pleasures that may be denied to the inhabitant of these islands, Britons are always able to derive a considerable amount of gloomy satisfaction from the badness of the weather. Just now, we can boast of our wretched climate even more than usual, for, not only have we beaten all records for a miserable June, but we have a number of strangers in our midst who are willing to hear and able to believe the wildest stories of English atmospherical depression. It gave me quite a thrill of patriotic exultation, a few mornings ago, to see a fantastically arrayed individual paddling up the Strand and vainly endeavouring to break the fall of a heavy shower with a giddily coloured sunshade. The policeman, as the stranger passed, laughed and rubbed his hands; the bus-drivers threw out their chests and tipped each other a wink; the paper-boys, in high-pitched voices, cried "Long live the King!" Even an old beggar-woman, slinking along under the shop-windows to preserve her rags from the constant rain of mud that spattered the outer edge of the pavement, wreathed her bloodless lips into the semblance of a grin and felt that, at any rate, she had the advantage of our Coronation visitor.

Coronation visitors, by the way, are arriving very fast now. At every turn I come across them. They are of all sizes, shapes, and colours. But those who interest me most are my own country-people from the provinces. The usual party consists of Papa, Mamma, and two daughters. Papa, of course, is supposed to know every inch of the Metropolis, and is constantly appealed to by the girls to give the name of a building or a statue. As a rule, he fibs his way through with true British pluck, but every now and then you may see him slip behind the rest of the party and put a hurried question to a policeman. It is interesting, also, to compare the enthusiasm of the provinces over the forthcoming pageant with the stolidity of the Londoner. The explanation, of course, is simple, for, whereas the provinces depend for their excitement upon the arrest of a drunken pedlar or an addition to the Vicar's family, in London we have two processions daily and a demonstration on Sundays. Even as I write, I can hear, in the street below, the tramp of clumsily shod feet and the rattle of flat side-drums that betoken the passing of damp soldiers. Once upon a time, I suppose, I should have jumped up and rushed to the window, knocking over a table and a couple of chairs in my impetuous career. Now, however, I say something excusable about the noise, put my fingers in my ears until the bedraggled ones have floundered into the next street, and then proceed to indite another cooling letter to a lady in the provinces who is Coronation-mad. The worst of it is that country people won't listen to any warning voice. One man I know wrote to his mother in strenuous terms and informed her that she would certainly be killed if she attempted to see the show. The old lady replied that she intended to see not only the show, but the illuminations as well.

In spite of the crowds who arrive daily, however, there will still be a great number of people who prefer to celebrate the Crowning of the King in their own towns and villages. For myself, I think they are wise, since it is much more enjoyable to kindle a bonfire in your back-garden than to be elbowed and jostled and, perhaps, trampled underfoot by a crowd of London roughs. Besides, there is generally a good deal of fun to be got out of a local jubilee. The preliminary meetings, even, are always full of humour. A local paper, forwarded to me a week or so ago, contained an account of one such meeting. The occasion seems to have been quite remarkable for the number and variety of the suggestions that were put forward with regard to the best way of commemorating the event. The Vicar suggested that the

church clock—which is visible, it seems, from every part of the town—should, in future, be illuminated nightly, for the benefit of residents and travellers. This excellent idea was overruled, if you please, on the ground that the Baptists and Roman Catholics wouldn't like to contribute to the illuminating of a clock in a church tower.

Then the local cabinet-maker, who combines his business, I suspect, with a little undertaking, urged his fellow-townsmen to render themselves independent of the churchyard in the next parish by laying out a cemetery of their own. No seconder being found to this somewhat gruesome proposition, the landlord of the principal hotel played a trump card by offering to provide dinner for the adults and tea for the children at cost price. It is scarcely necessary to say that the entire meeting, with the exception of the Vicar and the undertaker, voted solid in favour of the landlord's scheme. And, after all, this is a truly English way of celebrating a truly English event. As to the commemoration of the affair, will it not be duly recorded in the newspapers and Standard history-books?

On Saturday evening last, I made an artistic pilgrimage to Wyndham's Theatre and witnessed the performance of "David Garrick." During the second Act, it occurred to me that I had no small change wherewith to reward the cabman for driving me home. It was, as usual, a wet night; I had no desire to walk home; neither was I anxious to wait on the pavement in the rain whilst the fellow discovered that, to his intense regret, he had nothing less than gold in his pocket. At the next interval, therefore, I struggled out of the new-fashioned stalls and started off to find the refreshment-saloon. The first turning that I took led me up two flights of stairs to the upper circle. Turning hastily, for I knew the interval was a short one and I dreaded having to crush back to my seat again when the third Act was in progress, I ran down a lot of stairs and found myself pulled up short by a pair of doors that led to the street. With the grim calm of exasperation, I retraced my steps, and eventually found myself, hot but surprised, in the haven where I would be. Very well, then. I obtained the change, questioned an attendant closely as to the nearest way back to the stalls, and set out upon the return journey. Judge of my mental condition when I presently came into violent contact with the same exit-doors that I had previously discovered. The whole affair ended by my having to wriggle past eight people after the curtain had gone up, step on five dresses, and get myself generally disliked. I trust that, in building and furnishing the New Theatre, Mr. Wyndham will hit upon a less complicated scheme of passages and place his stalls a few more inches apart.

For the sake of the dignity of the English stage, it is just as well that the proposed theatrical "gala" night is not likely to come off. Somehow or other, when the planets of the stage agree to unite in one brilliant illumination, they generally end by not shining at all. Witness, for example, the recent performance of "Caste" at the Haymarket, when every male part was played by an actor-manager. Even the brilliance of the revival of "The Merry Wives" at Her Majesty's is due rather to the genius of the stage-manager than the excellence of the acting. No; it does not seem to me that the Coronation of Edward VII. would take a greater place in history owing to the fact that Mr. Forbes-Robertson had played the part of a low-comedy sailor in a Drury Lane drama, or that Sir Henry Irving had allowed himself to be hauled up into the flies at the end of an invisible wire.

Chicost





"THE TOREADOR," AS PERFORMED BY AMATEURS AT THE COURT THEATRE LAST WEEK.

In aid of St. George's Hospital, Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge organised a series of amateur performances of "The Toreador" at the Court Theatre last week. The evening performances and Saturday matinee alike drew crowded houses.

SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Our New Fellow-Subjects as I Saw Them—The Imperial Service Troops.*

THAT the Boers will become excellent citizens of the British Empire I have not the least doubt, and, having made up their minds that they will in future live in peace under the Union Jack, they will, I am sure, do so. With all his "slimness" in some matters, the Boer is, in the main, a very straightforward fellow. I knew the Boers well when they were last under the British flag, when Sir Theophilus Shepstone had annexed the Transvaal, and I used then to ride about the veldt shooting—for the big game were still on the high veldt—and staying a night at whatever was the nearest farm to me at sundown. Then the Boers had not accepted the new Government, and said so plainly enough. They intended, so I was told again and again, to await the result of the deputation they were sending over to London to lay their case before the Queen and Parliament, and, if they were not given back their country, they had made up their minds, so they said, to fight. One of the first of the many questions I was always asked after I had off-saddled at a farmhouse door and had paid my respects in proper form to the family, wishing good-day to the "Uncle" and "Aunt," was, "Have you a sweetheart in England?"; to which I always answered in the affirmative, for it gave me a chance of describing an imaginary maiden of superlative beauty, with eyes as blue as the delft plates on the dresser and hair yellower than the yellowest barley—a description always followed by the entire Boer family with the greatest interest and with exclamations of "Allamachter!" When I left in the morning and the family watched me saddle my horse and wished me God-speed, as often as not the oldest man would say, "Young Englishman, go back to your sweetheart in England before the shooting begins." Just as for three years the Boers then set themselves stubbornly against the new state of things, so with equal thoroughness they will now, I am sure, accept them.

The Boer, hunting in the bush-veldt or living on a solitary farm so far away from his neighbour that he cannot see the smoke rising from any house but his own, always craves for news, likes that news hot and strong, and has a delightful habit of believing implicitly everything he reads in print. Our enemies in the land knew this in old days, and I often used to be cross-examined as to statements made by leaflets which were printed in Dutch and distributed in thousands throughout the land, and which contained most astonishing news of Britain's intentions with regard to the Boers, one statement always being repeated, that we were going to commandeer all the young men to fight in India for us. Our Proconsuls in the new land know the Boer and his strength and his weaknesses thoroughly, and they will take very good care that his reading is not in the future only of lies against the British nation distributed by intriguing foreigners. I cannot imagine, if he reads of it, anything more calculated to make the British Boer contented with his lot than the proposed terms on which the Boers who have taken refuge in German territory are to be allowed to become German citizens, terms which embody a form of conscription and the adoption of the German language.

I note that many of our would-be authorities on the subject of the various corps which are to take part in the Procession on the 27th have made mistakes as to the Indian Imperial Service Troops, and the circumstances under which this splendid body of men came into existence. Every Rajah and Maharajah in India has an Army, big or small, which is as necessary to his dignity as his salute of guns and his State elephants. These Armies, twenty years ago, were in most cases a very mixed collection of fighting-men, and in some a mere rabble. A retired British non-commissioned officer was the General in Armies which rose to the dignity of a white Commander-in-Chief, and the duties of the troops chiefly consisted in smoking "hubble-bubbles" before the gates of the Prince's palace. In these Armies there was, however, good material, and the Indian Government invited

the various Princes and Rajahs to select their best men and to allow them to be trained, after the model of our Indian Native Army, under the direction of British officers, who were appointed as Inspectors, Sir Howard Melliss being the Chief Inspector. When the various corps were properly trained, they were to find an honoured place in the plan for the defence of India against invasion. The Princes and Rajahs took up the scheme with enthusiasm, each trying to outdo the other in having his corps of infantry and cavalry the smartest in India, and a new Army, admirably efficient and well trained, and officered to a great extent by the native gentlemen of the various States, came into existence. The new corps volunteered for every war that broke out, and were employed in some of our Indian trans-frontier campaigns. So eager to see service are they that, when the Indian troops were sent to China, the services of some of the Imperial Service troops were accepted for that campaign. It is at the head of a contingent of these troops that Sir Pertab Singh will ride in the big Procession.

## "BRITANNIA'S REALM," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

TO express the Coronation idea in ballet form is a very difficult undertaking. An error in judgment leads to a production that is spectacle and nothing else, and it is obvious that, when the great season has passed, a ballet too largely devoted to the special festivity must pass with it. On account of the difficulties that have been faced, and in great measure overcome, the new Alhambra ballet, "Britannia's Realm," will remain in season long after the last visitor

from foreign lands has returned to his native shores, and it will not rank among any but the best achievements of a house that has served ballet faithfully and well. Mr. Wilson has contrived to furnish a scenario that has reason and sequence, and expresses, within the limits imposed by spectacular ballet, the extent, variety, and justification of the claims put forward by British Imperialists. Starting with a prologue in the Hall of Fame, the scene passes through the Soudan, India, Australia, and Canada, the second of these later tableaux being accompanied by a delightful Ballet of Jewels, while the Australian tableau affords opportunity for some spirited pantomime, and Canada yields the skating carnival.

The Jewel Ballet gives a brief opportunity to Miss Nancy Houghton, Miss Bircham, and Miss Logan, as well as to Edith Slack, who represents Malice in the first and final tableau. Madame Corman is responsible for the best piece of pantomime work in the ballet, a little dramatic sketch that no lover of ballet must overlook, a piece of distinguished work that suffers only through being taken too quickly in the orchestra; and there is a new *première danseuse*, Mdlle. Alma Mary, whose work I hope to discuss on another occasion.

Landon Ronald has set "Britannia's Realm" to music, and this, if I am not mistaken, is his first attempt at writing ballet-music. Naturally enough, there is nothing very subtle in the score; years of experience must be necessary before the composer can catch up and translate in the orchestra all the little pieces of stage-action that really require special orchestral assistance.

S. L. B.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM OF THE RECENTLY OPENED COLONIAL TROOPS' CLUB, DOVER STREET.

Photograph by Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

## THE COLONIAL TROOPS' CLUB.

I give herewith a photograph of the billiard-room of the Club in Dover Street which, through the initiative of Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, has been established for the benefit of the many hundreds of Colonial troops over for the Coronation. The Club was opened the other day by Mr. Chamberlain.

## "FLORODORA" BY AMATEURS.

By kind permission of Mr. Tom B. Davis, three amateur performances of "Florodora" are being given this week at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund. The last of these takes place this evening (Wednesday) at 8 o'clock.





MISS HENRIETTA WATSON,  
WHO PLAYS WITH DELIGHTFUL HUMOUR AS MRS. LEWSON IN "THERE AND BACK," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.  
*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*



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 days will be issued from London to Brighton and Worthing, June 25; to Seaford,  
 Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings, June 26; and WEEK-END Cheap Tickets to these Stations  
 will be issued on June 27, 28, and 29, available for return June 29 to July 1 inclusive.  
 TRAINS SUSPENDED, &c.—On June 26, 27, and 28, certain of the Main Line and Local Line  
 Trains will not be run, and others will be altered in working, as per Special Bills.

**TO SEASIDE.—DAY EXCURSIONS.—THURSDAY, JUNE 26.**

From	B	C
London Bridge ... ..	8 5	8 25
New Cross ... ..	8 15	8 30
Forest Hill ... ..	—	8 40
Norwood Junction ... ..	8 25	8 45
East Croydon ... ..	8 30	8 55
South Croydon ... ..	8 40	9 0

B—To Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, and Seaford. C—To Brighton and Worthing.  
 Fares from London Bridge.—4s. Brighton and Worthing; 4s. 6d. Seaford; 5s. Hastings, Bexhill, and Eastbourne.  
 For Fares from other stations, see bills.

**CORONATION DAY AND ROYAL PROCESSION DAY,**  
 JUNE 26 AND 27.  
 EARLY SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS due in London before 8 a.m. will be run from Brighton,  
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 Early morning Special Trains will be run to London, and late return trains will be run from  
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 TRAINS, Friday, June 27, will leave Victoria 9.20 and 11.40 p.m., and London Bridge  
 9.25 p.m. for Portsmouth.  
 SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, Saturday, June 28, from Victoria 7.45 a.m. to Portsmouth  
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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting  
 photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors  
 the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES  
 and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and  
 view submitted.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Royal Ascot Once More.*

For the first time for sixty years, Windsor and Ascot have witnessed the beautiful sight of the Sovereign driving in full state to the historic racecourse, and they will witness it again to-morrow (Thursday, 19th). Their Majesties are entertaining a brilliant house-party in honour of Ascot Week, and, naturally, much interest is being felt by veteran frequenters of "the smartest racecourse in England" in the many changes now apparent there. The three Stands, the Royal, the Jockey Club, and that of the ticket-holders, have all been entirely rebuilt, and the King himself has personally superintended the many excellent alterations and improvements in the new Royal Stand, which now has a fine entrance at the back of it. The Royal horses are being made comfortable during each day's long wait in the fine new stables erected within the last year in the grounds of Ascot Heath House. Yesterday (Tuesday) the King presided over the luncheon given in the new Luncheon Room, a delightful apartment of fine proportions, simply decorated in white and green.

*"The King's Representative."*

Lord Churchill, the clever and accomplished nobleman who has inherited the arduous duties which once devolved on the now-vanished Master of the Buckhounds, is to be heartily congratulated, as is his able lieutenant, Major Clements, on the improvements effected in connection with the many approaches to the course. "The King's Representative"—to give Lord Churchill his official title—is said to have spent only £60,000 in effecting the innumerable alterations, and, if this is indeed so, he has done wonders. Lord Churchill is one of the intimates of the Sovereign, owing to the fact that his late mother was the Queen's dearest friend.

The Queen is always said to be a great lover of Dickens; perhaps the moving tale of the gallant little "slavey" whom he immortalised under the nickname of "The Marchioness" has inspired Her Majesty's latest kind thought—that of a Coronation tea to servants. Ten thousand maids-of-all-work will be able to look back at having been to tea with Queen Alexandra! And a permanent souvenir of the great occasion will be provided by Her Majesty, in the shape of a pretty brooch bearing the portrait and the monogram of our popular Queen Consort. It is to be hoped that the three great benevolent organisations to which is to be confided the sending out of the invitations will remember St. Paul's striking remarks concerning charity. The Epistle addressed to the Corinthians holds good for all time, and it will be a great pity if the Queen is allowed to invite only the "prize girl" type of "general" to tea. One may suspect without offence that "The Marchioness" was neither a "G.F.S." girl nor a member of the "Y.W.C.A."

*The King at Aldershot.*

An interesting feature of the Royal Review was the presence of the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers, which regiment had been moved from Dublin for the occasion. The last appearance of the "Heroes of Khartoum" at a Royal Review was at that of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, when, as the 21st Hussars, they formed part of the Cavalry Brigades which marched past Her late Majesty and the foreign Royalties. A few weeks later, the 21st left for a tour of foreign service, and, after a long stay in India, the regiment was moved to Egypt, where it received its "baptism of fire" at Omdurman and was transformed from the 21st Hussars into "The Empress of India's Lancers." Though not fortunate enough to serve in South Africa, the gallant 21st might well be called "Lord Kitchener's Own," for it was the only British cavalry regiment in his expedition to Khartoum.

*Prince Edward's New Tutor.*

Prince Edward of Wales, notwithstanding his tender years, has now been provided with a guide, philosopher, and friend. Mr. Hansell, who has accepted the responsibility of preparing the future Edward VIII. for the "Career of a King," was one of the most popular of Magdalen men. He is a good athlete, but in due measure, and while at Oxford he was known to his friends and foes by the sobriquet of "Chang," owing to his immense height and to his supposed resemblance to the wily Chinese. Mr. Hansell, though still quite young, has tutored several well-known people, his first pupil having been Mr. George Spencer-Churchill; while, more lately, he has had charge of Prince Arthur of Connaught. It was while he was acting in the latter capacity that he was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who apparently formed a high opinion of him. Now, Mr. Hansell's appointment as tutor to the two elder sons of the Prince of Wales has been formally approved by the King.

*A London Peril.*

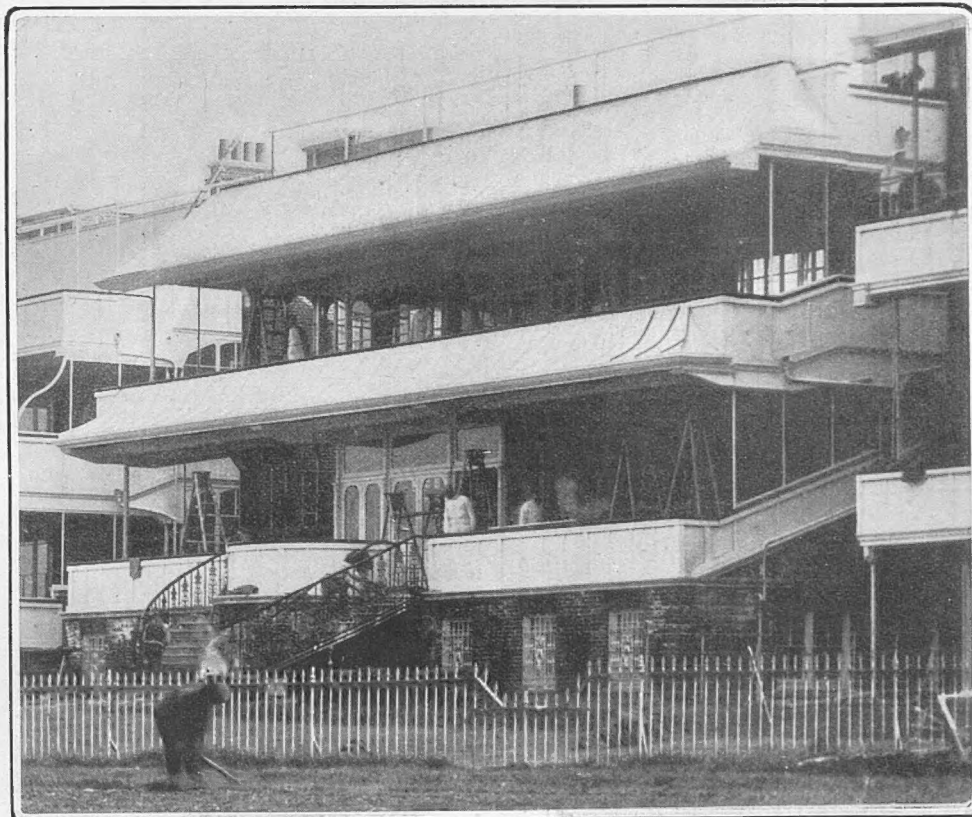
It is to be hoped that the authorities whose duty it is to look after these matters have seen that the stands now being erected for the Coronation are not only able to bear the weight of the spectators of the great Procession, but that they are also to some degree non-inflammable. London is now banked up with firewood all over its central and most valuable districts, and one shudders to think what would happen supposing that some carelessly thrown-down match should set fire to one of these huge masses of timber. In many streets the stands are so close together that, if one of them caught fire, nothing could save either the houses and public buildings round which the wood is heaped or the stands near them. There are several well-known chemicals which would reduce the danger to a minimum.

Mr. Astor, who, according to popular rumour, will be the very first of Anglo-American Peers, is proving how admirable a host a man alone can be. Lord Rosebery led the way, but in Mr. Astor he has now a powerful rival, and already a number of notable entertainments have taken place in the beautiful house

which is said to have one of the finest marble halls in London. Mr. Astor is devoted to music, but he cares for only the very best, and at one of his late parties Melba and Kubelik were the "stars." Miss Astor is extremely pretty, and a true "old-fashioned girl," for her father does not care to allow her the freedom which is, perhaps, erroneously associated with the name of the average American damsel.

*An Octogenarian Lay Clerk.*

The pretty little city of Wells, at the base of the Mendip Hills, is chiefly noted for its beautiful Cathedral, which dates from the early part of the thirteenth century, and the Palace of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the finest episcopal residences in the kingdom. The musical part of the service at Wells Cathedral is always exceptionally well rendered, and credit for this is due in great part to Mr. Thomas Wicks, the senior Lay Vicar, who is in his eighty-fourth year. On a recent Sunday, the sermon at the Cathedral was preached by the Rev. Prebendary Rowley, himself an octogenarian, and Mr. Wicks sang a tenor solo in splendid style. Mr. Wicks began his career as a choir-boy at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and is now the oldest Vicar Choral in England. He sang at the Diamond Jubilee Service in St. Paul's, and, as a memento of that occasion, Queen Victoria presented him with her signed photograph; and he hopes to take part in the Coronation Service at the Abbey. Mr. Wicks is a native of the Royal Borough of Windsor, his father having been for more than thirty years in the service of King George III.



THE NEW ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT.

Photograph by Russell, Windsor.



### *The Landslip near Cromer.*

When the inhabitants of Sidestrand, near Cromer, awoke a few mornings ago, they were staggered to find that a large portion of "The Garden of Sleep," as Clement Scott dubbed it, had subsided. Some twenty to thirty thousand tons of earth had fallen, and with it the wall and a portion of the graveyard of old St. Michael's Church. The ancient tower itself is now in jeopardy, for during the day following the slip a further portion of the cliff crumbled away, leaving only a few feet between the tower and its edge. A gruesome feature of the slide was the unearthing of many long-buried coffins and the scattering of poor human remains far and wide.

### *Peace and Corn.*

Although peace has been obtained, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has insisted on his taxes. It was estimated that twenty-eight millions of War-money would be saved, but all the millions are required for transport and gratuities and other Army objects, and not only has the Corn Duty been levied for the War, but it is to be maintained as a permanent feature of our fiscal system. The Liberals have fought strongly against it with argument and sentiment, but political economy has been ridiculed as old shibboleths, and Free Trade theories have been flouted as prejudices of the past. There is a curious open-mindedness in the present Parliament. Principles held sacred for half a century are being examined with audacious freedom.

### *The Model Young Minister.*

Although the Colonial Secretary was scarcely ever present in the House of Commons during the Finance Bill debates, his son, the Secretary to the Treasury, sat steadily beside the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Apparently, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and the young man were on good terms. Mr. Austen Chamberlain alone was allowed to assist the

### *Thanksgiving Service in Berlin.*

The English colony in Berlin attended the Thanksgiving Service at St. George's Church in force on Sunday week (writes my Correspondent). "God Save the King" was sung in stentorian tones by the whole congregation, and a very stirring sermon was preached by the Chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Fry, M.A. The British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, his daughter, Miss Florence Lascelles, Mr. Buchanan and Lady Georgina Buchanan, and all the Embassy Staff were present in the Embassy pews on the right of the church. The American Ambassador, Mr. White, and the First Secretary, Mr. Jackson, and other members of the American Embassy, were likewise *en évidence* on the left. The whole of the rest of the church was crowded to overflowing. The evening service was characterised by the singing of the "Te Deum" at the close.

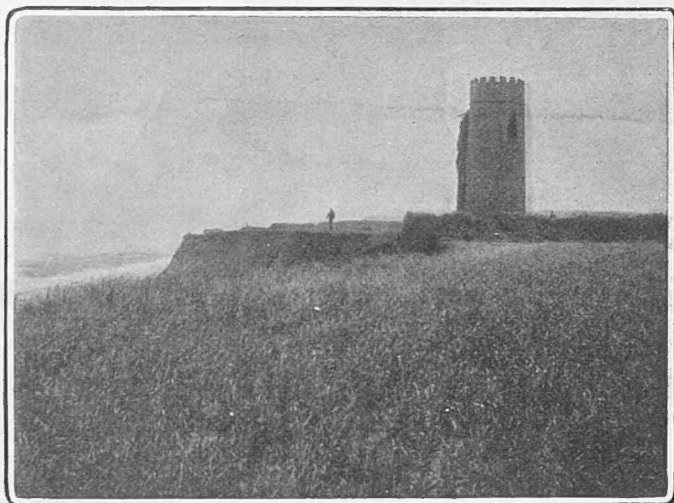
At a meeting of an informal character, held a few days ago at the British Embassy, Mr. Buchanan being in the chair, it was decided to hold a dinner at the Kaiserhof, in Berlin, on Coronation Day. The dinner will be followed by a dance. In order to prevent as far as possible the freezing stiffness usually observed at dinners of this nature, when members of a large community all meet together to celebrate a public holiday, cards have been sent round to all the members of the community whose addresses are known, asking them to intimate next whom they would like to sit. In this way, pleasant little parties will be arranged together, and it is hoped no ceremonial stiffness and frigidity will be observed.

### *Grunau Regatta.*

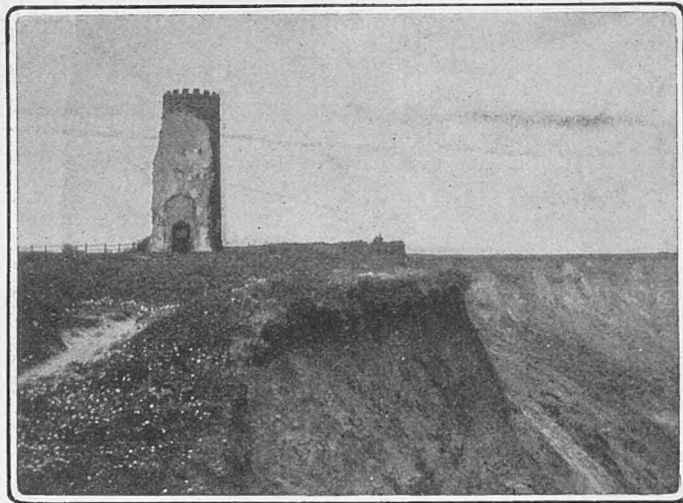
The Anglo-American Club of Berlin, as usual, made a fine show at the annual regatta at Grunau on the 8th. They had the best steamer of all present, and, despite the heavy gusts of rain, fully enjoyed the day's racing. For the



THE DÉBRIS OF THE LANDSLIP.



OLD ST. MICHAEL'S TOWER BEFORE THE LANDSLIP.



THE TOWER AFTER THE LANDSLIP.

THE LANDSLIP AT SIDESTRAND, NEAR CROMER, THAT CARRIED AWAY PART OF "THE GARDEN OF SLEEP."

Chancellor by a speech from the Treasury Bench while the Finance Bill was in Committee. Other colleagues were silent. Young Mr. Chamberlain is too courteous to be disliked, but many members would like him better if he were not so cool. Nervous veterans may think he is almost too much at home on the Treasury Bench. He becomes freer in his gestures and makes a great deal of play with his hands, which are rather large.

### *A New Wig in the House.*

Mr. Nicholson has moved into the chair of the late Mr. Jenkinson as Clerk Assistant at the table of the House of Commons, and has been succeeded as Second Assistant by Mr. T. L. Webster, whose shyness and clean, new wig have equally interested old members. Mr. Webster, a tall young man, with a grave, gentle face, and fair hair, is a nephew of the Lord Chief Justice. He has only been in the service of the House for twelve years, but he is credited with tact and with special knowledge of Parliamentary procedure. His possession of these qualities will be tested by members whose questions he may revise.

"Miles Amber," the author of the first of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library," is, it is stated, Mrs. Cobden Sickert, the daughter of Richard Cobden and sister-in-law of her publisher.

first time for several years, the Kaiser was absent from the regatta, being prevented by the bad weather. Thousands of Berliners had congregated on the banks and in steamers and boats. The Kaiser stayed at home and conversed somewhat markedly for no less than three-quarters of an hour with Mr. Hollys, who, rumour asserts, will follow Mr. White as Ambassador in Berlin of the United States.

### *A Charming Royal Group.*

The Duchess of Connaught and her three children form an interesting Royal group. The King's only surviving brother naturally stands very near to the Throne, and his gallant son, Prince Arthur, is likely in time to attain to a very high position in the British Army. The Princesses Margaret and Patricia are among the prettiest and most accomplished of Royal débutantes, and they are at the present moment, if Princess Alice of Albany be excepted, the only marriageable Princesses of our Blood Royal. Some two years ago, it was rumoured that the elder Princess was about to be betrothed to the Czarewitch, the Emperor of Russia's only brother and Heir Presumptive. These rumours, however, are often inaccurate, and the two young Princesses seem to be far more bent on enjoying the many functions of the brilliant Coronation Season than on giving any thought to possible alliances. The Duchess of Connaught is now mistress of Clarence House.



## ROYAL MODELS IN CORONATION DRESSES AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

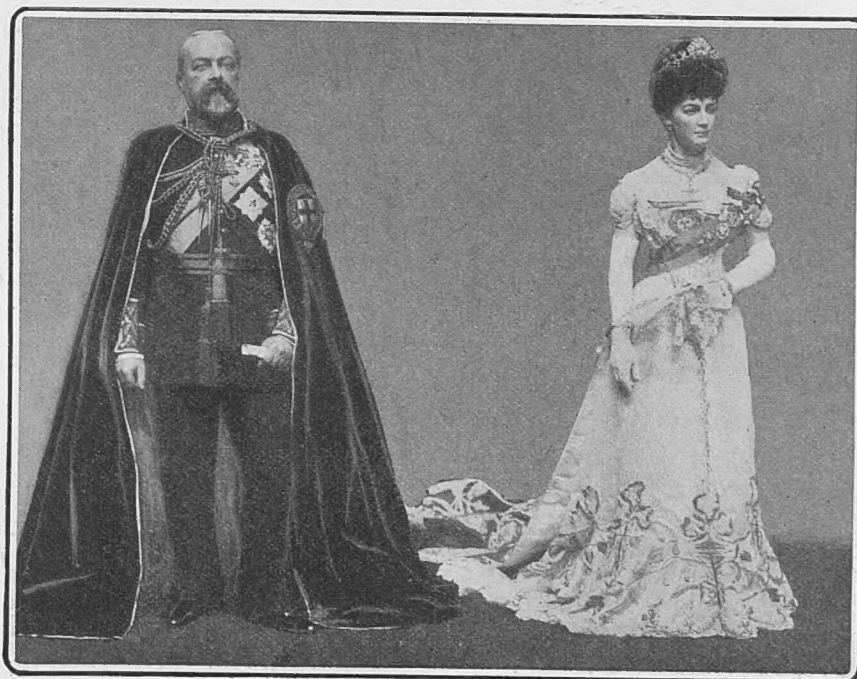


PRINCESS LOUISE.



PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

I may, perhaps, without being accused of a desire to emulate Mr. Slum, be allowed a word in praise of Madame Tussaud's, like Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, "the delight of the Nobility and Gentry." The ladies of the group of Royal personages which has for a considerable time been the centre of attraction in the great hall have been entirely re-clothed in the latest costumes, and are now seen in their habits as they live. The lifelike presentment of the Queen, a lady friend tells me, is clothed in a beautiful "confection" of white tulle, pailletted with silver, and embroidered with a design of York roses, thistles, and shamrocks in silk and gold. The train of cloth-of-gold is



THE KING AND QUEEN.

woven with roses in white velvet outlined with gold cord and sequins. The Princess of Wales wears pink mousseline-de-soie, embroidered with the regulation feathers in white chenille and spangled with sequins; Princess Beatrice is represented in a trainless evening-gown, with a convolvulus decoration; the Duchess of Fife in a dress of rich yellow broché ornamented with ivy-leaves; Princess Victoria in pale Sèvres-blue satin; Princess Charles of Denmark in pearl-grey; the Duchess of Albany in a Court-gown of pale-green broché; and the Duchess of Connaught in a Louis XV. visiting-dress of pale-mauve peau-de-soie with rose embroidery.



THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.



PRINCESS VICTORIA.



PRINCESS BEATRICE.



*Madame Charlotte Wiehe.*

According to the Copenhagen Correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, Queen Alexandra, having congratulated Madame Charlotte Wiehe on the private performance she and her Company had just given before the Danish Royal Family at the Castle of Fredensborg last autumn, remarked, "Our next meeting will, perhaps, be in London, *n'est-ce pas?*" Should this little speech have been accurately reported, the second visit to London of the clever Danish actress, dancer, and singer, which commences on the 19th inst., at St. George's Hall, will be under very favourable auspices. Madame Wiehe brings with her some of the leading artistes of the Paris Théâtre des Capucines, where she has had a long and remarkable season. Her répertoire includes the three "mimo-drames," "La Main," "L'Homme aux Poupées," and "Premier Carnaval," which were so favourably received on the occasion of her last visit two years ago, and, in addition, "Le je ne sais quoi," a comedy in three Acts, three comedies in one Act, and an operetta in one Act, entitled "Chonchette." It is hardly known here that the lady, in addition to being a remarkably clever actress whose work has elicited the warmest praise in Paris from such eminent critics as M. Catulle Mendès and M. Jules Claretie, has a fine soprano voice. As to her dancing, it need only be said that while in her teens she was engaged as première danseuse at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's recent success in "Francesca da Rimini" once again makes this marvellous woman the vogue of the London Season. Throughout her career she has enjoyed the privilege of a fame surpassed by no living artist, and only, perhaps, equalled by that of Adelina Patti, her contemporary in a sister art. There is a curious similarity in the extraordinary hold which both artists have gained on the public. Apart from their genius, and that great factor of success, charm, both appear to be endowed with an infinite capacity for doubling the limit which marks the zenith of fame assigned to an artist, and to never grow old is a problem which each has successfully solved in her respective way. Their methods have differed, for whereas Patti has strenuously guarded herself against the slightest degree of fatigue, and, if report be true, has always made it a rule never to attend a rehearsal, the "divine Sarah" not only continues to superintend every detail of a production—her rehearsals occasionally lasting until two and three in the morning—but delights in the most violent forms of physical exercise. During her last tour in America with M. Coquelin, she had a particular penchant for alligator-hunting, and in New Orleans and other places visited *en route* she used to indulge in the sport to rather an alarming extent, going out every night after the performance at the theatre with such male members of the Company as were

considered sufficiently good sportsmen, and continuing her quest of the wily alligator up to very early hours in the morning. Her vitality and resistance of fatigue on these occasions were nothing short of amazing. The French are not proverbially good sportsmen, and I am sure the majority of her party were never loth to return to their respective hotels when the great Sarah brought the nightly shooting expedition to a close. Coquelin in particular was never enthusiastic on the subject of alligators, and it must have been a funny sight to see this genial, albeit somewhat weary, gentleman following in the train of the intrepid chasseuse. The idea of the shooting really originated with

her son, M. Maurice Bernhardt, who is an enthusiast, and certainly her parties at New Orleans were arranged in his honour, as he had journeyed from Paris expressly to join his mother there for the purpose of the sport.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and Mr. Spicer will not have died in vain if his shocking end stirs the police authorities to the effort necessary to clean the purlieus of King's Cross. In the old days, the East-End of London held the worst rookeries and most depraved characters in the town, but I have been assured by more than one detective that the foreign Jews who have settled in the East-End have practically ousted the former tenants. Now, there are slums scattered here and there over London, and the Euston Road is in a very bad state. For every single case in which the police act, there are a score of cases of insult, intimidation, and even ill-usage, which they do not see. Quite recently, I had occasion to inquire into a rather simple case of this sort, and asked the woman concerned why she had not gone to the police station in Judd Street, which was close at hand. Her reply was significant. They (her assailants) would only make it worse for her if she did, and, indeed, had threatened "to murder her" if she gave any trouble. And this was in the year of grace 1901. There is only one remedy for the larrikin and "Hooligan," and that is the cat with nine tails.

A large concourse assembled to witness the parade of coaches

in Hyde Park last Wednesday, and from the Achilles Statue to the Magazine stretched a triple row of carriages, many of them in charge of a lady whip. Horsemen and pedestrians, too, were in great force. Conspicuous among the four-in-hands were the Earl of Lonsdale's, with its handsome chestnuts, and Mr. C. E. Colston's, with a fine team of blacks. Besides these, perhaps the most admired were the Earl of Onslow's, Sir John Dickson-Poynder's, and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith's, with its splendid team of browns. Colonel Sir Audrey Neeld had on his coach one of the largest parties, including Lady Neeld, Lord Vivian, Hon. Violet Vivian, Hon. Doris Vivian, and Lady Doreen Long.



MADAME CHARLOTTE WIEHE, THE CLEVER "PANTOMIME" ARTIST WHO BEGINS A SHORT SEASON AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL TO-MORROW.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*



THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB MEET IN HYDE PARK (June 11).



SIR J. DICKSON-POYNDER, LADY DICKSON-POYNDER, AND LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.



LORD ONSLOW AND SIR PERTAB SINGH.



MR. COLSTON, M.P., AND THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.



LORD LONSDALE AND THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.



LORD H. VANE-TEMPEST'S COACH.



LORD LONDONDERRY AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.



BARON AND BARONESS DEICHMANN.



THE HON. C. R. BAMPFYLDE AND MRS. BAMPFYLDE.

(See Opposite Page.)



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Season that Failed.*

It is difficult to recall a more disastrous season for Paris than the present (writes my Correspondent). The Grand Prix has been run and there is the usual general stampede, but the unfortunate proprietors of the café-chantants in the Champs-Elysees, the owners of the restaurants on the borders of the Seine and Marne, and the proprietors of the open-air concerts in the Bois de Boulogne have not made enough to pay their gas-bill. It has not been simply chilly, but positively cold. Paris will, one wet day, wake up to the stern reality of the fact that there is room for a summer resort on the lines of Earl's Court. With theatres closed and open-air shows impossible, the only thing left in the way of gaiety is a bright fire or a drive round the Big Lake in a closed cab with a foot-warmer.

The loyalty of the Germans to King Edward is extraordinary. Anyone who started from the Madeleine and walked down the boulevards to the Bastille could for a franc or so buy enough Coronation souvenirs made in Germany to stock a drawing-room. There are fans in the most delicate colours, with the portraits of their Majesties, for a penny or so; post-cards of all descriptions for a sou; imitations of the Royal Arms at a knock-down price; and the *article de Paris* is a model of His Majesty, who, on feeling the button pressed, does the rest—that is to say, raises his hat and bows.

It is rumoured that there will be a grave scandal in medical circles of the highest order. It is alleged that those remarkable discourses before the Academy of Medicine announcing the discovery of new drugs have been, in reality, nothing more nor less than advertisements for some new patent medicine. The special name selected for the "discovery" had been previously registered and patented by the doctors, and, while the average man was still wondering, it was launched on the market with the usual advertising. To turn the Académie de Médecine into a mere hoarding-station has been a little too much for some of the older school of Professors.

*A Theatrical Race.* Down at Auteuil for the Grand Steeplechase there were two figures that prominently stood out. One was Wysocki, owner of Verdi, the favourite; the other, Madame Ricotti, of the Opéra ballet and owner of Gratin. Wysocki was as pale as death when I saw him in the Paddock, and hardly exchanged a word. It was notorious that he was playing a great stake. Madame Ricotti was, meanwhile, holding her Court on the Lawn as calmly as if she had been in her *loge* at the Opéra. When Verdi was literally winning hands down by a hundred lengths, Wysocki closed his race-glasses and smiled, and I never saw such a collapse in a man as when the yell went up that Verdi was down. Gratin just won, and so in a brief space this £6000 race has twice fallen to the theatrical profession. When Mdlle. Marsy, of the Comédie-Française, was successful, she not only led her horse in, but kissed the jockey. The beautiful Madame Ricotti was so nervous after the exciting finish that she sent for iced water and had to be fanned.

*The New Premier.*

M. Combes, who succeeded in forming a Cabinet in less time than any Minister since the declaration of the Republic, is a man of great energy and of a very complex character. He is a mixture of Gladstone and Professor Huxley. His whole life has been devoted to theological study, but, at the same time, he leans to Agnosticism. As a speaker, he has no record, and as a debater, still less.

The appointment of M. Meugeot to the Ministry of Agriculture, instead of leaving him at the Post Office, is to be regretted. He did splendid work for English journalists. The system of the "flying squad" of telegraphists for important events was inaugurated, and he reduced the price for Press telegrams between France and England to one penny a word. The *petit bleu* was also brought down to threepence, and, most important of all, he went from one post-office to another to see into public grievances. He witnessed

with his own eyes the clerks buried in sporting journals, eating bread-and-cheese, or flouting and ignoring the public. He made a clean sweep and reformed the postal service.



"THE SLEEPER."

A Photographic Study by Barclay Brothers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## ART IN BERLIN.

Quite a number of interesting portraits and paintings and groups of statuary are to be seen just now in Berlin at the rooms of Messrs. Schulte, and Keller and Reiner, the two chief art show-rooms in Berlin. Amongst the most popular and interesting portraits are those of H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia and H.R.H. Princess Henry. Prince Henry is represented as looking straight ahead, evidently thinking of the future naval supremacy of his Fatherland. The portrait is taken in profile, and seems to be an excellent work of art. Critics might, perhaps, say that an unnaturally brilliant light is shining on his face, but, then, artists, like poets, must be allowed a little licence, and tricks of this nature must be permitted in order to make the portrait stand forth from the dark background. The name

of the artist is Max Krusemark. The portrait of Princess Henry of Prussia by the same painter makes an extremely effective picture. Her Royal Highness is painted in a pretty, low-necked, red dress, and is wearing a beautiful pearl necklace, the bottom portion of which is lost amid the folds of the light, soft dress-material. In both pictures the faces of the sitters are naturally the chief attraction, little attention having apparently been paid to details of dress, to the delineation of the hands, and so forth. Another portrait by Herr Krusemark represents the Hereditary Princess of Meiningen in full length, standing at the bottom of a stone staircase, dressed in simple black, and likewise wearing a long pearl necklace. In the next room a picture of Baron von Richthofen seizes the attention of the sightseer. It is not entrancing, to say the least of it. The Minister for Foreign Affairs is presented to the public dressed in a very shoddy-looking green shooting-coat and carrying a gun across his arm. His face is unnaturally pink and "flesh-coloured," and the baldness of his head is rendered only too conspicuous. He looks anything but a diplomat and far from a sportsman. Herr Krusemark may have painted a very faithful likeness, but the likeness is not very pleasing.



SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE NEW REVUE

TO BE PRODUCED AT THE TIVOLI TO-MORROW NIGHT.



LITTLE TICH AS "THE TERRIBLE GREEK"  
WHO WRESTLES WITH EVERYBODY.



LITTLE TICH AS SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.



LITTLE TICH AS BEN FUR.



MISS MARIE LLOYD AS CECILIA LOFTUS  
AS MARGARET.



MISS MARIE LLOYD AS OLGA NETHERSOLE  
AS SAPHO.



MISS MARIE LLOYD AS SARAH BERNHARDT  
AS "LA TOSCA."



MR. CHARLES RAYMOND AS SIR HENRY  
IRVING AS MEPHISTOPHELES.

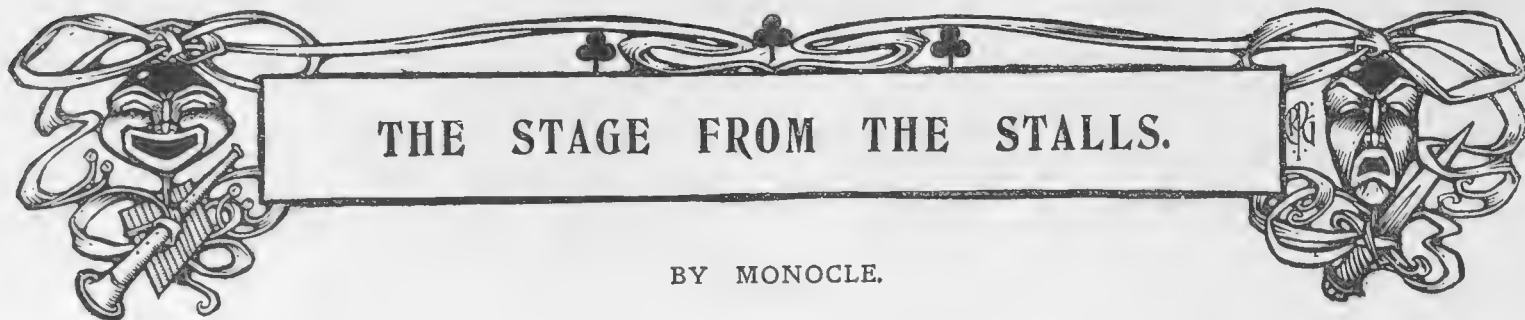


MR. CHARLES RAYMOND AS MR. GILLETTE  
AS SHERLOCK HOLMES.



MR. CHARLES RAYMOND AS MR. TREE  
AS ULYSSES.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AND "LORD OF HIS HOUSE."

PERHAPS attention has not been called sufficiently to the actual craftsmanship of Mr. Crawford's work, which, unlike the early plays of most novelists, shows no signs of amateurishness, and, better still, displays a good deal of technical skill. We may be unanimous—and unanimity among the critics is rare—in the opinion that the play is undesirable, but it is well to recognise the fact that the popular novelist has a real grip of the stage, and will soon be an important factor in drama. His errors in "Francesca da Rimini" are obvious: he has destroyed a beautiful legend in order to make an ugly piece of history. Many of us were aware that there has been a conspiracy of poets and painters to idealise the story of the lovers of Rimini, which in process of time has come to possess a kind of secondary truth. The poets and painters are not culpable, and not necessarily even ignorant. They desired to give a kind of human identity to certain ideas of emotion, and chose the unhappy trio of Verruchio for the purpose; the legend was formed, and the personæ ceased to belong to history and became offspring of art. No doubt, the moralist may complain and say that such a legend should be destroyed, because it casts a glamour over an ugly story of treachery and vice; but Mr. Crawford is hardly on the side of the moralists, since, indeed, he labours to find excuses for the woman.

It seems inartistic to attack the legend in the name of history, and give a lurid melodrama, which, if correct as to facts, except in the episode of the death of Paolo's wife, is curiously untrue in feeling. When one seeks the bed-rock of truth, one knows that the high-flown phrases of the lovers at the end of fourteen years' intrigue are absurd; lovers do not keep up the romantic tone in conversation for such a length of time, and a liaison that lasts so long becomes no more romantic, and perhaps less, than a marriage. When reproached with fickleness, the libertine Mr. Helmsford remarked, "I have to change my mistresses often—they very quickly become as tiresome as wives." Custom replaces passion successfully in and out of matrimony, and custom does not evoke "high-falutin'" phrases. Mr. Crawford's lovers are a very curious couple; they seem to have no more moral sense or conscience than a pair of rabbits. He is guilty of disgusting treachery to his brother, of infidelity to his wife, of her murder, and of neglect of his children; she is guilty of abominable duplicity, of disgraceful conduct towards her daughter, of mortal sin from her own point of view, and is really in part responsible for Paolo's crimes; and yet neither seems in the least degree to worry about anything save the danger of being detected. It is true that she pretends to excuse herself by alleging a fraud in her marriage; but, of course, she does not believe in the excuse, seeing that Paolo was as deep as her husband in the crime against her. Why did we stand it? Why did not the audience get up and howl at the sordid piece? Because, I suppose, of the pretty pictures, but chiefly on account of the art of Bernhardt, the Cleopatra of the stage, whom and whose art age cannot wither, and also because we have grown accustomed to amazing schemes of immorality on the stage. Most of our plays have no more sense of morality than the barometer at a fishing-hotel; some teach appalling lessons. There is a class, fortunately, which leaves morals out of the question and yet treats life seriously; but this class is sadly neglected, and there are few contributions to it save in the works of Mr. Pinero. Bernhardt's Francesca certainly is amazing; we have been raving about Réjane and in ecstasies concerning Jane Hading, but neither of them, nor any other actress I have seen, could give such a Francesca. A Duse might lend her an exquisite air of virginal candour, despite Concordia and the fourteen years' intrigue; a Hading would look as though she meant far more, and Réjane might give a note of greater poignance to two passages; but Bernhardt appeals to brains and feelings, is magnificent in her movements and graceful in her gestures. Without needless artificiality, she treats individual speeches as if they were arias in an opera; her phrasing is wonderful, her delicate modulations are delightful; the voice which, a few years ago, seemed to have lost its charm is richer in music than that of half the prima donnas; and so one cannot resist the player though one may deplore the play. M. de Max, a name well remembered by the London critics, gives quite a remarkable piece of acting as the Giovanni, but "Paolo il bello" might be called "Paul le bellâtre"; he looks like a prosperous citizen rather than a hapless lover. I must not overlook Mlle. Duc, excellent as Concordia. By-the-bye, Concordia brings to mind the thought of "Pelléas and Mélisande"—after all, the most beautiful stage-version of the famous story.

It is said, and, I hope, truthfully, that by the first night of the revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" there were six thousand pounds of advance booking. Mr. Tree makes such ardent struggles for Art and Drama that one is delighted by his successes even when, as in this particular case, art is little the gainer. For most of the people who have the courage to possess first-hand opinions about Shakspeare's work regret that he wrote this "pot-boiler." Why, then, the success? Because, no doubt, Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry appear as the two wives, and the humour is, to use Nym's phrase, that, despite the title, the giddy matrons have rather poor parts—indeed, are less on the stage than Caius, Evans, Slender, and Shallow. The title should be "Falstaff Redivivus," or rather, "Semi-redivivus," for I think that, if we did not know the truth, we should suspect that this fat Knight was drawn by another hand. What else are we to think when we have a Falstaff gravely moralising and with less impudence than a butcher-boy?

No doubt, the dear ladies give a perfect performance of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. But this might have been done by actresses of half their ability. There is a phrase about the difficulty of putting a quart into a pint-pot which came into my mind. No one could play the parts better; no others, perhaps, so well; and, yet, not a few quite well enough. Nevertheless, one got great enjoyment from the obvious pleasure shown by the ladies in accomplishing their tasks. Mr. Tree's Falstaff is really remarkably clever, if not vastly comic; one cannot blame him, since, as drawn, the Falstaff of this play is rather foolish than funny—the gaiety has gone out of him and he stoops to disgusting villainy. In truth, the piece would be horrible had it the least suggestion of probability. As it is, the company are skating on thin ice over a cesspool, and clever enough to avoid even cracking the covering. Mr. Oscar Asche's work is particularly ingenious, seeing that there is always a risk of the actor who plays Ford introducing too true a note of passion. One may, indeed, commend almost everything, save, perhaps, some of the horse-play, and can laugh thoughtlessly always, and admire some very pretty pictures and some very skilful pieces of stage business.

"Lord of his House" does not seem likely to be Lord of the Comedy Theatre for very long. In an ordinary season it might have a fair chance of success. Comedies with slight plots require brilliant treatment. Now, Mr. Hawtrey's piece has a slight plot, and a treatment good enough if the plot were strong. Unfortunately, the characters are not novel, the intrigue is trifling, and the comic diversions are but so-so. There is a lazy husband, Mr. Chandos, almost insultingly confident of his wife's love, and a naughty "K.C." who, nevertheless, makes love to her during the moments of leisure in a sharp election-fight. Why a "K.C." I do not know, for nothing turns on his profession, and I am told that "silks" are always virtuous, since they are too busy being busy, or pretending to be busy, to run the risk of appearing as "co" in the busiest Court in the realm.

The naughty "K.C." is not very clever in his love-making; the little wife prefers her husband, who, even when he finds her in a rather compromising position, thinketh no evil, because she saves her sin by contradicting the fibs of the "K.C." There were moments when the play threatened to become interesting, for Chandos the lazy suddenly discovered that the sinful "silk" was courting his wife, and so resolved to cast off his sloth and be up and energetic. This happened at the end of the second Act, and then the author forgot all about his theme, and gave a long, comic love episode to the subsidiary lovers, rather well played by Miss Mab Paul, who might, however, wisely tone down the kissing—perhaps it is as a touch of specific character that she permits and, indeed, indulges in such lavish physical endearments; young women may act so, but I think that a gentleman of refinement would want to back out if he found that the young lady who a moment before was "Miss Jones" is permitting him to kiss her décolletée shoulders and giving hearty busses on the mouth.

This idea of mine may be old-fashioned—perhaps is coeval with the technique of the play, in which the author cheerfully conveys information by means of a long soliloquy. Yet the author shows some wit, a little humour, and a power of handling stage types. That Mr. Kerr, as the lazy husband, and Miss Nina Boucicault, as the energetic wife, played well goes almost without saying—anyhow, it goes.





[Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.]

MISS HILDA MOODY AS A BOND STREET TEA-GIRL IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS,"  
AT THE APOLLO.

*"She was a miller's daughter,  
And lived beside a mill;  
Fast was the flow of the water,  
But she was—faster still."*



## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## VII.—KILKENNY CASTLE.

KILKENNY CASTLE, where the King and Queen are expected to make a short stay next autumn, can count as being perhaps the most stately of the many stately homes of Ireland. In these days, there are not many great estates which have remained in the possession of the same noble family for over seven hundred years. This is, however, true of Kilkenny Castle, and there are portions of the building, notably the first two storeys, which are almost exactly as they were close on a thousand years ago, though among Cromwell's many acts of vandalism none is more to be regretted than the fact that he destroyed one of the four great towers that were a striking and unique feature of the structure which owed its being to that Earl of Pembroke known as "Strongbow."

Many additions have been made to the Castle during the last hundred years. The most important of these is a stone corridor where is now placed the main entrance to the Castle, and through which access to the far-famed Diamond Hall is obtained. The hall is hung with splendid stamped and gilt Spanish leather, and, among other

ware, of which one piece, when put up for public auction, excites the liveliest competition among collectors, owing to the fact that no complete sets, apart from that existing at Kilkenny Castle and those in certain Continental Royal Palaces, are known to exist.

The Large Drawing-room is hung with that national Irish product, silk tabouret, a very rich kind of poplin of deep-yellow colouring, which throws up in admirable relief the fine eighteenth-century cabinets—French, Italian, and Spanish—in which are stored much rare old china. In the drawing-room hangs a "Madonna and Child" by Correggio, and also a portrait of Vandyck painted by himself.

Lord and Lady Ormonde are devoted to Kilkenny and there spend a very considerable portion of each year. Lord Ormonde, as a young man, travelled well and widely, and in his study at the Castle are many sporting trophies of great value and interest. There also is a curious collection of prints of Royal personages, presented by the late Queen to various members of the Butler family, for the connection of Lord and Lady Ormonde with the Court has always been exceptionally



THE ENTRANCE-GATE.

*Photograph by Poole, Waterford.*

treasures to which it forms a background, sportsmen always regard with special interest four antlers of the now extinct Irish elk.

The Grand Staircase, of solid polished mahogany, is also hung with Spanish leather and a set of the ancient tapestries for which Kilkenny Castle has long been noted. Off the staircase is the Dining-room, and here some notion can be obtained of the extraordinary age of the structure, for the embrasures are close on fifteen feet deep. It is in this room that is kept the old plate, including the unique collection of cups formerly used by the Sovereign during the Coronation Banquet in Westminster Hall, and which on each occasion became the perquisite of the Marquis of Ormonde, as Chief Butler of Ireland.

The Picture Gallery of Kilkenny Castle is now used as a supplementary sitting-room by Lord and Lady Ormonde and their guests, and it is here that some historic Royal gatherings have taken place. To the connoisseur this collection of paintings is a veritable delight, for Lord Ormonde possesses one of the finest sets of Old Masters in the kingdom, as well as an unrivalled collection of family portraits by Lely, Kneller, Lawrence, and Reynolds. One curious feature of the gallery itself is the marble chimney-piece, on which are embossed scenes from the history of the Butler family.

China enthusiasts naturally prefer to the art treasures hanging on the walls the absolutely unique tea-and-coffee service of old Hague

close, partly owing to the fact that Lady Ormonde's mother, the first Duchess of Westminster, was one of Queen Victoria's close personal friends. Lady Ormonde has often entertained Royal visitors at Kilkenny, but this will be the first time in the history of the grand old stronghold since the days of Richard II. that a King and Queen have sojourned under its roof.

Kilkenny has had a long and romantic history. It passed into the possession of the Butler family at the end of the fourteenth century, and, as has so often happened with the more noted of the stately homes of the United Kingdom, through a woman, a sister of the last Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, who fell at Bannockburn.

Both Lord and Lady Ormonde take a keen and intelligent interest in the history of their home, and the muniment-room contains a priceless series of documents and relics of a past day, including a document to which is affixed "Strongbow's" seal. Lady Ormonde and her daughters often spend an hour in the muniment-room, especially when there happens to be staying at the Castle some learned antiquarian or dilettante versed in archaeological lore.

Ireland should truly be a land of flowers, owing to the peculiar softness and dampness of the climate. The gardens and grounds which surround the Castle owe much of their beauty to Lady Ormonde's incessant care and real knowledge of floriculture.



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



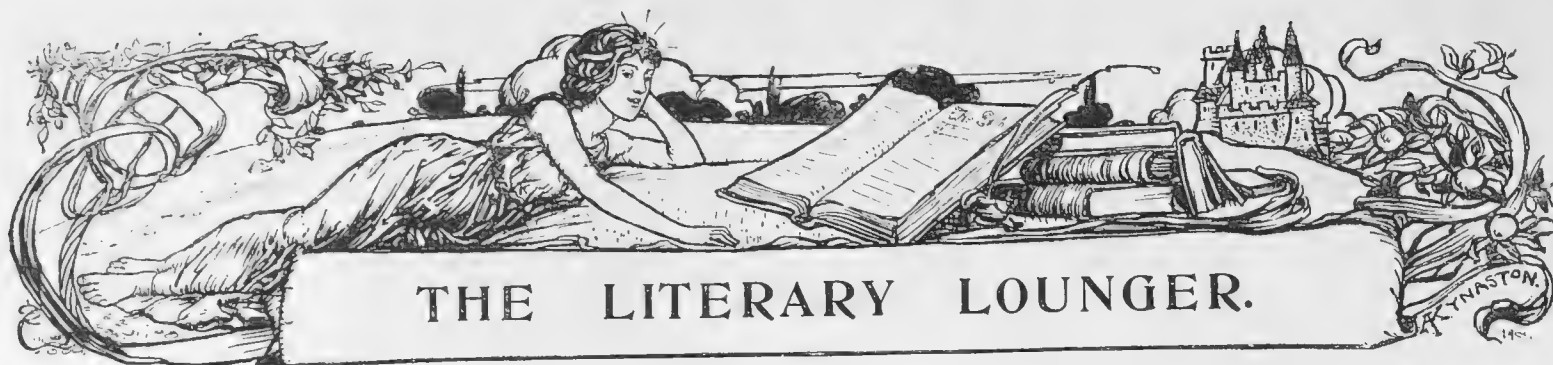
KILKENNY CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE: THE GARDEN-FRONT.



KILKENNY CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER NORE.

*Photographs by Poole, Waterford.*





MR. HALL CAINE has completed his play based on "The Eternal City," and goes to America early in September to rehearse it. A striking experiment is shortly to be made with "The Eternal City," which is to be published on both sides of the Atlantic in a new form, at fifty cents and two shillings. It will be so



THE RUSKIN MUSEUM, CONISTON.

abridged as to contain nothing but the human story, and will, of course, serve as a great help to the audiences who may see the play. The new edition will not supersede, but merely supplement the old one. It will be "The Eternal City" without its polemics, and relying alone on the humanities. In all, something like fifty thousand words will be taken from the book as it is now available. Two hundred and thirty thousand copies of "The Eternal City" have already been sold in England and America.

The late Paul Leicester Ford was once asked by a friend where he found the materials for one of his novels. He replied, "On the backs of two bills, a wedding-invitation, a request to deliver an address, and the envelope to a patent bookcase circular." The explanation is that, while he was deep in some matter of historical research, he would come upon something that suggested a plot or a character for future use, and, seizing upon the nearest scrap of paper, would interrupt his work to jot down some notes with almost frenzied haste. Paul Leicester Ford's methods of work were almost as extraordinary as his untiring activity. Before he died, he completed a new story, which will be published in the autumn, entitled, "Wanted, a Chaperon," a companion novel to his book, "Wanted, a Match-Maker."

It is stated that the enormous correspondence which will form part of Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone will be arranged in a somewhat novel way, under various headings—political, ecclesiastical, theological, and literary. It will be interesting to observe Mr. Morley's discrimination in deciding what shall be placed in the theological and what in the ecclesiastical category.

By far the best reminiscences and estimate of Bret Harte have been supplied by Joaquin Miller, the veteran "Poet of the Sierras." It has evidently been the fashion lately in America to sneer somewhat at Bret Harte's stories of the West. The Californians have, with the proverbial inability of people to see themselves as others see them, vigorously denied the truth of his pictures of early Californian life. But even Joaquin Miller has difficulty in swallowing some of the mining-camp stories. Here are one or two characteristic sentences from his article—

And Harte's gamblers! The John Oakhursts with their pretty polished boots! I never saw any man of that sort in the mines. I knew some gamblers. They gathered round me in Shasta, where I was teaching a night-school in a miner's cabin, and coaxed and coaxed to get me to play. At last, one of them borrowed the little money I had laid up and ran away with it, and then they let me alone. . . .

I have always detested the title "The Poet of the Sierras." Besides that, it is a great inconvenience. For instance, when I am being introduced on a platform, not one man in a thousand outside of California knows how to pronounce "See-ar-ra." I have been introduced in Texas as "The Poet of the Sarahs," "The Poet of the Saharas," and "The Poet of the Serious"! Yet Texas is in many ways the greatest of the States. . . .

I see it is written that Harte and I quarrelled at the Lotos Club, New York. Impossible. As for myself, I have had my share of fights, but I never had a quarrel in my life. As for Harte, he was too much of a gentleman to quarrel and too much of a lady to fight. . . .

Harte was always disgusted with his "Heathen Chinee." He begged me never to speak of it. Once, as we were about to set out to breakfast with Lord Houghton, he hesitated. I asked him what was the matter. He said, "Will he quote 'The Heathen Chinee'?" I sent a servant before us with a note to Houghton begging him not to say one word about "the Heathen." But the jolly old nobleman gave the tip to a lot of good fellows at his table, and they all talked nothing else. However, Harte soon saw through it all, and joined in cheerfully. I never saw him in better spirits. You may know that he never meant this thing seriously. It is simply a parody on one of Swinburne's sweeping and superb poems of the Ionian Sea. Lengthen out "The Heathen Chinee"—that is, make two lines into one—and you will have a sea-chorus that will, so far as sound goes, sing itself.

Colonel Harvey, the most energetic head of the great house of Harper Brothers, has, of course, been interviewed on his return to America from this country. He is distinctly outspoken. The interview is reported in the following manner—

Q. What is the most noteworthy tendency of British publishing?

A. Hoping for the future against excuses for the present.

Q. What about British literature?

A. Deterioration in quality except on the part of a very few of the older authors, notably Meredith and Mrs. Ward, the exquisite finish of whose work has never been excelled. The mass of English readers to-day regard "Sherlock Holmes" as the highest form of literary art.

Q. What is the attitude of the British public toward American authors?

A. Condescending.

Q. Of the British publisher?

A. Complacent.

O. O.

#### THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.

Another attraction has just been added to the beautiful Lake District by the opening of the Ruskin Museum at Coniston. Those reverent pilgrims who wend their way to the pretty little lake-side churchyard where lie the remains of the great master of word-pictures will doubtless also visit the new institute, to inspect the many interesting



THE RUSKIN MUSEUM, CONISTON: THE MAIN ROOM.

Photographs by Miss Minnie E. Hargreaves, Coniston.

relics and pictures. In the main room is a fine portrait of Ruskin himself. The building is situated in a most picturesque spot on the hillside and is in apt harmony with the rugged aspect of its background.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Behanzin Hard to Please—A Silly Pretender—A Vatican Combine—Cricket in the County Court—Travel in Italy—Escaping in a Motor-Car—Eve and the Apple—Hats and Wills—Sergeant Hoff—Looking Death in the Face—A "Scorching" King—A "Kernoozer" and a Bargain.*

BEHANZIN, the ex-King of Dahomey, was interned by the French at Martinique, and when the story of the terrible eruptions reached Europe it was at first feared that the African chieftain had perished in the catastrophe. News came quickly, however, that Behanzin was alive and well, and this was followed by a letter from his own hand in which he complained that nothing ever happened in Martinique. The ex-King of Dahomey seems a little hard to please.

The "dindon de la farce" of the French elections was by universal consent the Duc d'Orléans, who is never satisfied unless he is making an ass of himself. Some time ago, he was invited to a little birthday party by an Italian Duchess, and he made his appearance in a velvet coat adorned with the Orders of the Golden Fleece and Charles V., a white waistcoat, white knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and pumps with diamond buckles. Some of the guests looked astonished, and the Duc apologised to his hostess for not being in full-dress, as he had imagined it was to be only a small family dinner.

From Rome comes a report that arrangements are being made with the Vatican for Mr. Pierpont Morgan to have an audience of the Pope. Does this mean that Mr. Morgan proposes to buy up the Vatican and to nominate the next Pope? Mr. Morgan had better be careful. Making an Atlantic Shipping Combine and supplanting Britannia as Ruler of the Waves is a mere trifling matter compared with poaching on the preserves of Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli.

A good deal of fun was made out of the Jury of Clarks which was lately empanelled, but a still more curious collocation of names occurred in the Westminster County Court a month ago. The Cause List read like a cricket match, for not only were there a Player, a Bowler, and a Goodball, but Board, Brown, Jackson, Jones, Lilley, Mead, Richardson, Townsend, Steel, Walker, and Ward appeared on the list.

Wireless telegraphy is to be introduced on the Italian railways as a means of preventing accidents. Our friends the Italians are getting on, and if they will next adopt some apparatus which will prevent the robbery of valuables from passengers' luggage they will not lessen the number of travellers in the Peninsula.

Motor-car driving in France has had its drawbacks during the past few weeks, for the police, puzzled by the mysterious disappearance of the Humbert family, have decided that they must be escaping in an

automobile. They have therefore taken to stopping suspicious-looking motor-cars near the frontiers, and have compelled the unhappy occupants to take off their mackintoshes and goggles, and prove that they are not "wanted" for the crime of "Humbertisme." But, as usual, the detectives did not hit upon the idea until the fugitives had had the chance of crossing the frontier twenty times over.

In this connection, the story goes that Mdle. Eve Humbert used to mark her clothes with an apple. That, however, was before the fall of the family.

The finding of a will in an old hat may possibly make the mere average man careful that the worn-out headgear of his aunts and mother-in-law is not recklessly sent to the old-clothes shop; but it is to be feared that it will not make him any the more eager to buy new hats for his wife.

Sergeant Hoff, who has just died in Paris, was the hero of a good many stories. During the Franco-Prussian War, he won the Legion of Honour for gallantry in the field, but some of his actions were such as to make the Prussians swear to shoot him if ever they got hold of him. During the siege of Paris, Hoff was captured, but he tore off the signs of his rank, threw away his cross, and called himself "Private Wolff." The Prussians, however, suspected his identity, and determined to set a trap for him.

One day, when Sergeant Hoff was washing vegetables for dinner, a Prussian officer came into the prison and shouted out, "Hoff!" The Sergeant did not move. The officer then said, "Here is a letter for Sergeant Hoff, whose parents are very ill." As no one answered, the officer went up to each man and examined him closely, but those who were in the secret and knew that Private Wolff was really Sergeant Hoff did not even look his way. At last, the officer went up to Hoff, and looked him full in the face, but Hoff was apparently absolutely unconcerned. He confessed afterwards that he had never felt so near death all through the War, for the Prussians shot and hanged men ruthlessly for the slightest infraction of the laws of war, and Hoff had not

always been particular how he made up the number of thirty of the enemy who had fallen by his hand.

It is said that the King of the Belgians has ordered a new motor-car which is to have a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. King Leopold evidently does not mean to go motoring in Surrey.

A "Kernoozer" was passing a bric-à-brac shop the other day, when he saw in the window the duplicate of a valuable vase in his own collection. So he went into the shop and said to the dealer, "I have a vase exactly like that one you have in the window. What will you give me for it?" "Well," said the dealer, "if it's in good condition, I'll give you fifteen shillings. That's every penny it is worth." "Very well, then," said the "Kernoozer," "here is a sovereign. Now give me that one in the window." Strange to say, the dealer's reply was not fit for publication.

WADHAM PEACOCK.



"SUCH SUMMER-BIRDS ARE MEN."—SHAKSPERE.

Photograph by-Lafayette, London and Dublin.



## CLUBS AND THE CORONATION.

THE Club-world of London is making active preparations to enable its members to witness the forthcoming Coronation Procession in comfort. Practically every Club which has premises along the line of route will have a large stand erected outside its first and second floors. As these will all be handsomely



CLUBS AND THE CORONATION: THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB, PALL MALL.

decorated and draped, they will add materially to the gala attire of the streets on June 26 and 27. Indeed, the various Committees carrying out the work are sparing neither pains nor expense to make the structures as artistic as possible.

Owing to the fact that the different Club stands will not accommodate—even under the strictest conditions so far as seating allowance goes—anything like the number of people who are eligible for places therein, members have had to ballot for their seats. In the majority of cases, this was done at least a month ago, in order that the successful candidates might make their arrangements for being present. At one or two Clubs, however, the ballot has been held within the last few days. Would-be seat-holders have accordingly been on tenter-hooks of anxiety for a long time past.

One of the most important questions with which the Club Committees have been concerned of late is that of extending hospitality to ladies on the occasion of the forthcoming pageant. It is pleasant to record that in nearly every instance chivalry has triumphed, and that the softer sex will accordingly be permitted to temporarily invade what have hitherto been exclusively masculine strongholds. Even the Athenæum—although it held out for a long time—has at length given way in the matter and is graciously finding room for about three hundred of its members' "feminine belongings."

The Naval and Military Club, with its fine premises in Piccadilly, is, perhaps, meting out the most generous treatment of all in this respect, for it is admitting to its stand some four hundred and fifty ladies. In the case of the other Service Clubs, this total is considerably reduced. Thus, the Army and Navy, in Pall Mall, will find room for only a hundred and eighty; the Cavalry, in Piccadilly, for about the same number; the Junior Army and Navy, in St. James's Street, for a hundred; and the Guards', in Pall Mall, for fifty. The premises of this last-named Club, however, are so small that, with the best will in the world, it is impracticable to provide accommodation for a larger number.

An equally generous spirit is being manifested by the Committees of the Political Clubs. The Conservative, for example, is sharing its stand

with five hundred ladies, the Junior Constitutional with three hundred and fifty, the Carlton with a hundred and sixty, and the Junior Carlton with ten less. Brooks's, however, has declined to admit any, and is, accordingly, not very popular with the ladies just now.

It is, perhaps, at the purely Social Clubs that the most liberal arrangements (in proportion to the accommodation available) are in force for the admittance of ladies. Thus, at the Wellington there will be places for four hundred, at Arthur's for a hundred and sixty, at the Thatched House for a hundred and twenty, and at the Bachelors' for a hundred. The Oxford and Cambridge, the Travellers', the Reform, and the Union are also finding room for a fair number. Altogether, Clubdom is observing a distinctly generous attitude in the matter.

The largest of all the Club stands is probably that of the United Service, which holds, in the aggregate, rather over twelve hundred people. After this come the stands at the Athenæum, the Conservative, the Naval and Military, and the Junior Constitutional, in each of which seats will be provided for upwards of five hundred members and their friends. In addition to these various totals, a considerable number of those successful in the ballot will be able to view the Procession from such of the Club windows as overlook the stands.—HORACE WYNDHAM.

## ART NOTES.

## A COLLECTION OF "TURNERS."

THE Farnley Hall collection of Turner's works forms an important exhibition at Messrs. Lawrie and Co.'s Galleries, 159, New Bond Street, the proceeds being intended for the King's Hospital Fund. The grand oil-painting, "Dort," with its beautiful sky and boldly designed shipping, is a sufficient attraction in itself, and, with the addition of two more oil-paintings and over a hundred water-colours, the show is of rare interest. Many of the works represent fine examples of scenery in Italy and Switzerland and on the Rhine, while there are also several done in England and at Farnley Hall itself, where Turner was always a welcome visitor. "Lancaster Sands" is specially effective, and the picture of an old man-of-war, "First-rate Taking in Stores," is remarkably clever and interesting. Unfortunately, time has seriously diminished the brilliance of many of these water-colours; still, the collection, as a whole, affords an admirable illustration of the masterly and often elaborate work that Turner was accustomed to produce with extraordinary rapidity in the course of his travels. There are also two works by Sir Joshua, the unfinished portrait of a girl being especially fascinating.

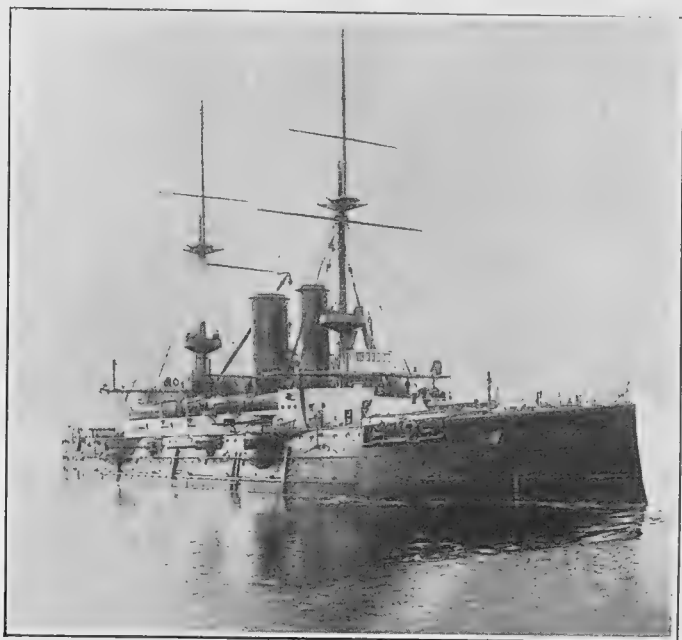
## MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S SHOW.

At the Continental Gallery, this versatile artist demonstrates his ability to represent the sea and the characteristic scenes of the French coast in a group of water-colours that includes several pretty colour-effects, such as those formed by the display in the Boulogne Fish Market and by the changing lights on the ocean, as well as some impressive seascapes, among which the grey-toned work, "A Lonely Shore, Ambleteuse," is specially deserving of notice. There is an amusing touch of character in "Market Day, Boulogne," with a typical old market-woman selling geese; and the pretty fish-wives of the same town also provide the artist with pleasant material. "Sea Mist" is a fresh and effective work, and there are several others that testify to a happy facility in the use of the water-colour medium.



CLUBS AND THE CORONATION: THE REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL.

THE CORONATION REVIEW: SOME IMPORTANT FLAGSHIPS.



H.M.S. "LONDON," FLAGSHIP OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SENIOR SHIP OF THE FLEET.



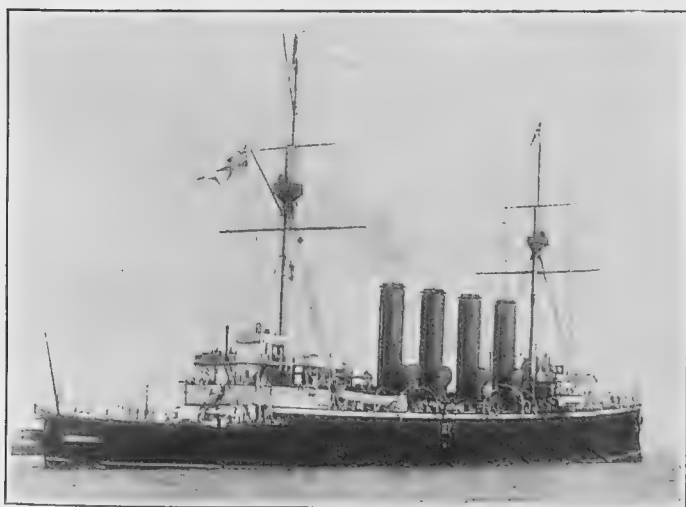
H.M.S. "RESOLUTION," TO FLY THE FLAG OF THE REAR-ADMIRAL SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE HOME SQUADRON.



H.M.S. "MAJESTIC," TO FLY THE FLAG OF VICE-ADMIRAL WILSON, V.C., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.



H.M.S. "REVENGE," TO FLY THE FLAG OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR G. H. V. NOEL, IN COMMAND OF THE HOME SQUADRON.



H.M.S. "ARIADNE," TO FLY THE FLAG OF VICE-ADMIRAL DOUGLAS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE NORTH AMERICAN STATION.



H.M.S. "MAGNIFICENT," TO FLY THE FLAG OF REAR-ADMIRAL CURZON-HOWE, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

*Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.*





# LAZY LEAVES

## FROM THE DIARY

### OF AN IDLE SUMMER.



#### V.—FATHER WILLIAM INTERVENES.

EARLY yesterday morning, after the grocer's lad had brought the letters from the village post-office, two miles away, I settled down for a lazy spell. For company I had Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Noontide Essays," and no man who has their fine companionship can feel dull. Weather was perfect, a breeze tempered the heat and filled the

garden with the mingled perfume of sweet-briar, lilac, and honeysuckle. Larks high up in air, bees amid the chestnut blossoms, no sound of traffic or wayfarers—I had some sense of the perfect peace that passes understanding. I dipped into the essays and knew no more until someone called me over the garden hedge, and, too late to fly, or even drop my book and feign sleep, I looked up and saw Father William.



"Twas beer more like"

As I have said before, he is ninety years old and intolerant of the world's ill-doing; when I saw he was armed with his long stick and was wearing his red woollen cape, I knew he had come to stay.

"Good-morning, Father William," I said, feebly; "are you going for a walk?"

"No, no, bless ye!" replied the veteran, "I ain't goin' fur no walk. It's almost more nor I can do to get so far as this. But I see ye a-settin' there, an' sez to mysel' I'd come up an' tell 'un about Missus Bury. Ever sin' I've know'd 'em, I've know'd she weren't no good."

I looked regretfully at my book. Mrs. Bury is the wife of a ploughman, lives a mile away, and is of no special interest to anybody.

"Th' butcher told me," continued Father William, remorselessly, "as how she said she didn't wash this week because she was that tired. Tired, mark ye!" added the veteran, scornfully; "tired; an' I warked seventy year an' more on th' land, man an' boy, an' never felt tired wi' nothing. An' last Sunday I sees th' boy Bury comin' fr' th' Wheatsheaf carryin' two mugs o' beer, an' on Saturday evenin' Mrs. White seed 'un wi' another two. 'Go along wi' ye!' I sez to th' butcher. 'Tired, now, did she say?' 'Twas the beer, more like.'"

Father William stopped to take breath and adjust the red shawl.

"Mark ye; though," he went on, "th' butcher ain't no better than most on 'em. If't be that he can sell common meat, ye'll not find him stoppin'. 'Tain't for poor folk to mind, but I've heerd say as how they've been complainin' at the Hall o' late."

I tried to look interested, but Father William's angry eye convinced me he was not deceived.

"Th' Squire be a wunnerful sharp man," said the ancient one, leaning heavily on his stick. "I make no complaint about 'un; sarved wi' his gran'father an' his father an' wi' hisself until I come into me eighties. Then he gie'd me me cottage, an' sez, 'Go an' rest, William.' An' no more nor he should ha' done. I've been a wunnerful right for'ard man by him an' all his folk."

"You must take care of yourself and keep out of the sun," I suggested. "Don't you think you'd be better indoors?"

Father William's head signalled a decisive negative.

"Lord alive, I don't mind comin' an' talkin' to ye!" he said, in a tone that put further remonstrance out of the question. "I know ye'll be amazin' lonely without nobody

to be wi' ye. I said to Mrs. Williams, only the other day, it seemed a pity to see ye alone like, an' the imperent thing says she supposed ye like it. A very sharp tongue she's got, but I've heerd things about her when she lived in Storford thirty years ago or more as 'ud surprise ye. Well, I never say ill words o' me neighbours, depend upon it; but when Mrs. Williams comes wi' that sharp tongue o' hers, I feels inclined to let fly wi' what I knows about them goin's on."

A slight pause, and then Father William, sparring for wind and looking very vexed to note my sustained indifference, leaned over the hedge and lowered his voice into a stage-whisper.

"That boy o' yourn. Doan't ye trust 'un. Yesterday, when ye was riding out, I come round th' house. Th' boy had two o' th' dogs on th' leads, and was runnin' 'em up an' down th' field, 'stead o' doin' th' wark. 'Hold on, ye rascally young muck,' I sez; 'leave those dogs bide, and go ye in an' do th' wark.' An' he just stood there an' laughed, impident like, an' took no notice."

"I told him to exercise the dogs," I said, and Father William's eyes shot fire.

"If't so be as ye think it right then, I'll say no more," he cried, angrily; "an' I wash my hands o' all responsibility! I'm an old man, but I've done me duty by ye, an' there ain't nobody in Maychester what can say I ain't. I'll wash my hands o' it all."

He waited for my collapse and apology; but, as he has no responsibility and never washes his hands, I remained unmoved.

Desperate, baffled, but unbeaten, the ancient made one last assault upon my indifference.

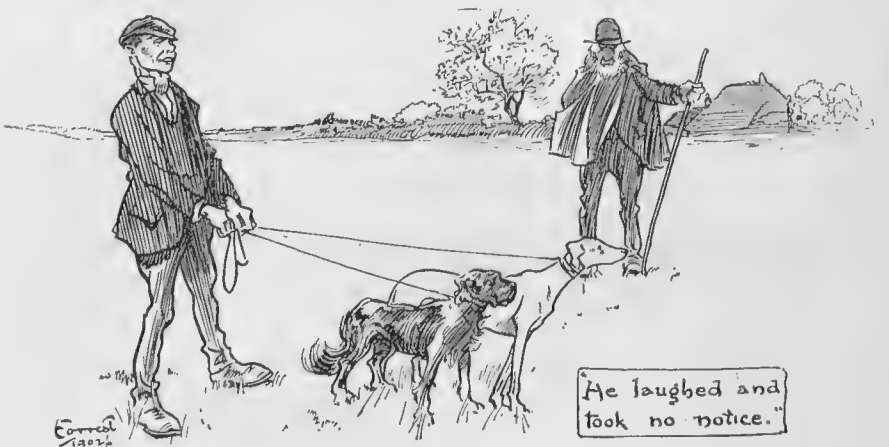
"Doan't ye be surprised," he said, in a blood-curdling whisper, "if ye find summut pisened."

I looked up, involuntarily.

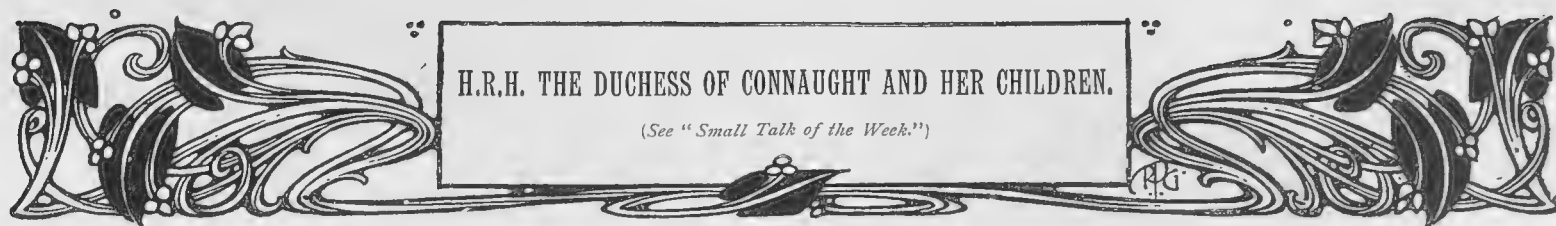
"There's that boy Bates," said Father William, solemnly, "the rascaldest varmint! Comes up to me an' arsts me to gie 'un a lettuce. 'No,' sez I; 'ye ain't right for'ard enough for me.' 'Well, eat 'em yersel', he says, 'an' I hope they'll pisen ye!' Now, I'd be no surprised if he pisened 'em, and, if he dropped any of the pisen about, ye might lose summut."

With these words, Father William twitched the red shawl into position, and, aided by his staff, hobbled angrily down the road, proudly conscious that he had done his best to make me understand the risks I ran.

I know that my local reputation will suffer severely on account of Father William's anger; that my mental and moral defects will be explained to Mrs. Bury and the butcher, Mrs. Williams and the boy Bates, and many others along the countryside. But, when all is said and done, they may be interested and I shan't be hurt, and Father William has not troubled me since yesterday. This afternoon I read the "Noontide Essays" in peace; the danger-signal of Father William's red shawl never showed upon the horizon.—S. L. BENSUSAN.



He laughed and took no notice."



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

*Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.*





H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

*Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.*



H.R.H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

*Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.*





H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

*Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.*

## A GREAT CORONATION RECORD.

THE habit of sixty years has led the public on every great national occasion to turn to *The Illustrated London News* for a special number commemorative of the event, and it is safe to say that the expectation has never been disappointed. At the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, however, was inaugurated what one may call an improvement on the tradition, for then was produced the first of the series of "Record Numbers" which have since become as inevitable an accessory of our moments of national crisis as the weekly issue of *The Illustrated London News* is of ordinary life. The Jubilee Record, which at once took rank as the most wonderful product of illustrated journalism the world had seen, has been followed worthily by the Transvaal War Record, the Queen Victoria Record, and now by the Coronation Ceremony Record, the fourth of this remarkable sequence. The work, which in size alone, if in nothing else, surpasses all its forerunners, comes to us in a worthy dress of royal red and gold, symbolically adorned with the royal emblems, the Tudor Rose, the orb, the oak, and the fleur-de-lys. On opening the volume, the reader is at once impressed with the multitude, variety, and splendour of its contents, for the coloured plates alone would be sufficient to make the fortune of a by no means unambitious special number. The coloured plates, which are twenty-seven in number, are, however, reinforced by no less than fifty-two pages of illustrations and descriptive letter-press,

centuries, has had four plates devoted to its architectural splendours alone. The paintings are by Mr. A. Hugh Fisher, who has also designed the cover of the volume, the decorative symbolical borders which surround every page of letter-press, and the special illuminated plates on which, after the manner of a mediæval missal, are emblazoned King Edward's style and titles, his lineage, and the arms and chart of his dominions beyond the seas.

Enough has been said to prove that the reproductions in colour are exceptionally attractive. Of the photogravure plates, the chief are Mr. Begg's fine composition entitled "The Coronation Oath" and Mr. T. Walter Wilson's first Parliament of Edward VII. assembled in both Houses. In these works the portraiture is especially worthy of commendation. Other plates from originals by R. Caton Woodville commemorate the Coronations of the Saxon monarchs, Edward the Elder and Harold.

The drawings, most of which are full-page size, in the body of the volume have been executed by Messrs. R. Caton Woodville, S. Begg, A. Forestier, G. Amato, T. Walter Wilson, R.I., and Allan Stewart, artists whose names are a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of their work. The pictures illustrate, point by point, the entire progress of the Coronation ceremony, each subject dealing with one particular stage of the ritual. Further, each subject has been associated with the



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Coloured Plate from the Painting by S. Begg, submitted for the Approval of Her Majesty.



KING EDWARD VII.

Coloured Plate from the Painting by S. Begg, submitted for the Approval of His Majesty.

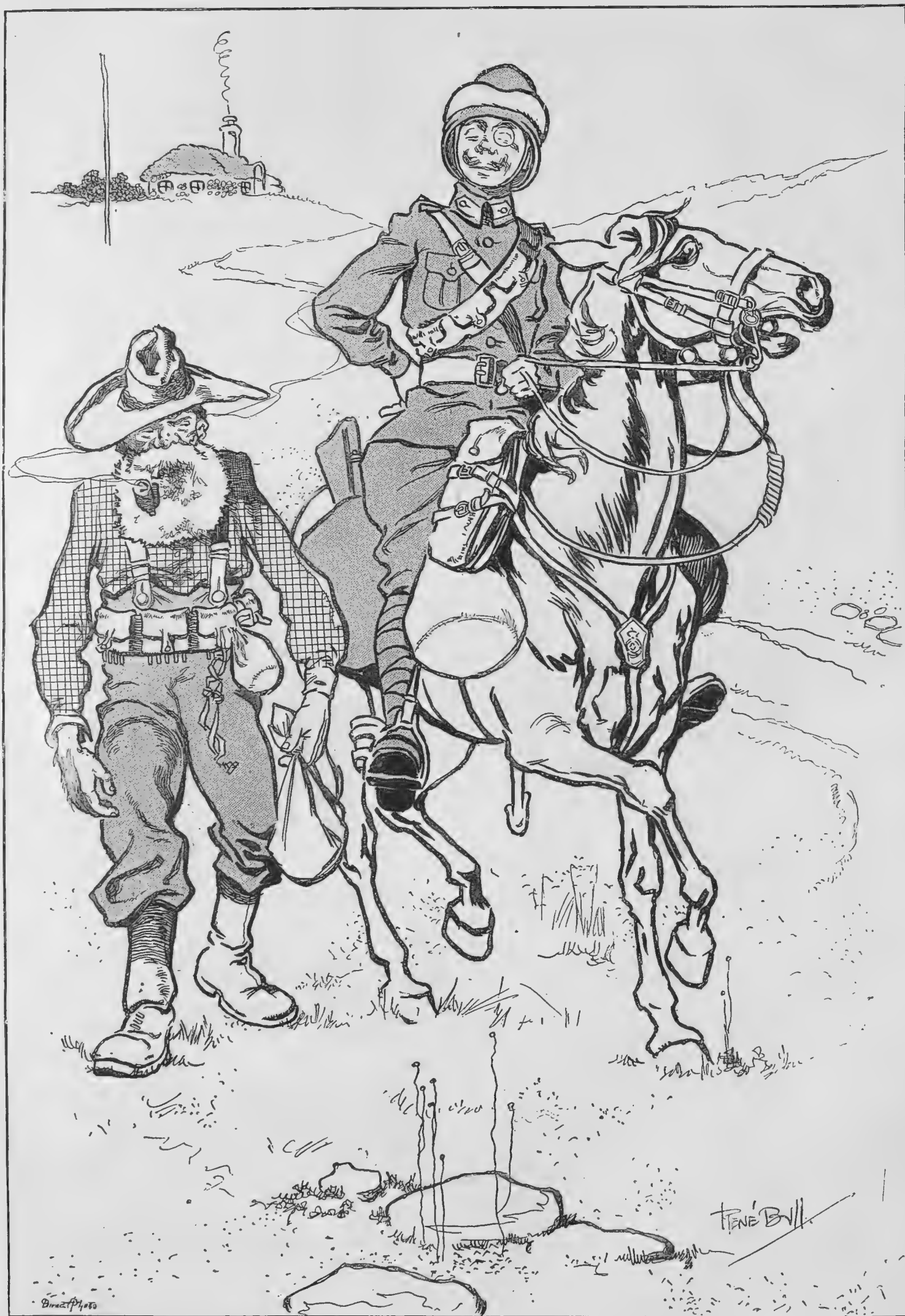
and from cover to cover of the edition there is only one page (and that an index) which does not contain a picture.

To deal with the coloured plates first. These, which have been reproduced from paintings by the most eminent of *The Illustrated London News* artists, are appropriately led off by a splendid full-page portrait of King Edward by Mr. S. Begg, who also contributes a companion picture of Queen Alexandra. The paintings in question, it should be noted, were submitted before publication for the gracious approval of their Majesties. Portraits, similar in treatment, of the Prince and Princess of Wales have also been painted by Mr. Begg. These are supplemented by Mr. Allan Stewart's portrait, also in colours, of little Prince Edward of Wales. The military greatness of the Empire finds its expression in Mr. G. Amato's painting entitled "The Imperial Bodyguard," which portrays the King surrounded by his Indian and Colonial troops; and the personal element in the militarism of the monarchy is emphasised by Mr. H. W. Koekoek's fine pentachrome representing King Edward as Colonel of the 10th Hussars.

The Coronations of seven Edwards are recalled in the fine series of coloured plates portraying the consecration of the English Monarchs of that name from the Confessor to Edward VI. These reproduce with wonderful fidelity the splendid pageantry of the Middle Ages, and the effect is enhanced by the gorgeous colouring of the scenes at Winchester and Westminster, softened and subdued by the dim religious light of the Cathedral and the Abbey. Westminster Abbey itself, the historic place of English Coronations for so many

crowning of some particular English monarch, and we have, for example, the sermon at the Coronation of Mary, the anointing of Charles I., the enthronisation of George I. When any peculiar significance attaches to a distinctive act or ceremony in connection with the crowning of a particular Sovereign, that ceremony and the monarch have been duly associated in the illustration. For instance, the Sovereign's Procession from the Tower to Westminster was last held at the Coronation of Charles II., and, accordingly, in this Record Number, the Procession of Charles II. has been depicted as the type of all such progresses through the City. The pictures are arranged in chronological order, according to the succession of Kings and Queens, and this, of course, somewhat dislocates the order of the Coronation ceremony, but the text and an excellent tabular index based upon the stages of the ritual render it easy for the reader to grasp the entire ceremonial. The descriptive letter-press printed at the foot of each illustration not only elucidates the subject, but is a compendium of historical and antiquarian information on the point under discussion. The reader of the main text has thus been freed from troublesome digressions and can follow the service according to its celebration in the Abbey on June 26. The borders surrounding the text are all symbolical of Coronation accessories—regalia, vestments, services, and so forth. These are minutely described in an Appendix. In a word, the Number, judged both from a pictorial and literary standpoint, must, to pun upon its own title, constitute in very truth "a Record."

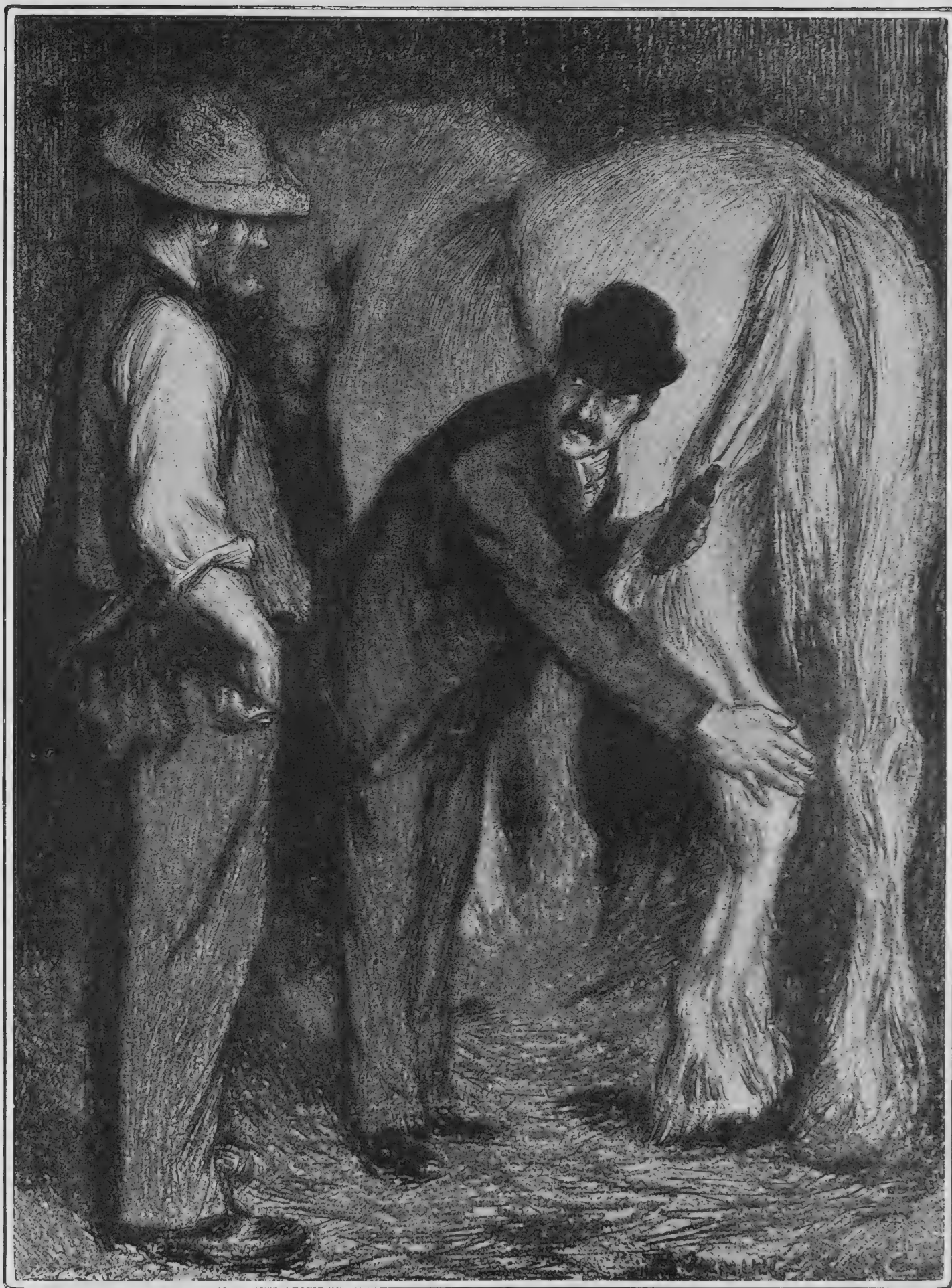




"THE FAT RIBS OF PEACE MUST BY THE HUNGRY NOW BE FED UPON."

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY RENÉ BULL.

—KING JOHN, Act III., Scene 3.



FARMER : Wot good 'll that there stuff do ?

QUACK 'VET' : Wot good 'll it do ? Why, it 'll harden it, an' soften it, an' mollify it. What more d'yer want ?

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY GUNNING KING.



## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## THE SABLE CLOAK.

By E. F. SPENCE.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



MR. CHAMBERS was a charming woman, a really charming woman; everyone said so—at least, everyone save one, which happened to be Mr. Chambers, who had ceased to say so, did not seem to think so, and, indeed, by his conduct, appeared to assert that she was not. Yet the marriage had been a love-match; they both belonged to the

same world—if South Kensington may be called a world. There was a graceful interval between their ages, in favour of the lady; neither had money when the marriage took place, and, so long as they remained decently poor, their home life was a triumph, but, when he became indecently rich, love flew out of the window, in defiance of the proverb. Wealth turned his head. He happened to be one of the rare inventors who make a fortune.

By an amazing accident, he showed his invention to an honest financier—at least, comparatively honest—who, though he swindled the public prodigiously, was straight with his friends, and not only secured Chambers a large price for his invention, but put him into a number of big things. This was all very well for a while; Mrs. Chambers had her share of the plunder, and since, like a respectable Englishwoman, she knew very little about her husband's affairs, she was perfectly happy, and he had nothing to complain of, for she was handsome when happy, lively, and fairly intelligent. A tall woman, well-built, with golden hair varying in brilliance according to her health, classic features, and a face more notable, as a rule, for beauty of design than charm of colouring. A little flush of happiness made her lovely. At first, Mr. Chambers told his wife all his affairs, and she did not listen carefully; but when the income grew from thousands to tens of thousands and he saw that her capacity for spending rose proportionately, or rather, disproportionately, he began to be reticent.

The War steadied them, and knowing, or, at least, believing, wise counsel to the effect that it would last very long, he began to retrench and to lay the foundation of a second fortune by using his economies in the purchase of gilt-edged securities when they were down. Now, the "honest" financier also had made a love-match, but he made it when he was a clerk at twenty-five shillings a-week, and the poor creature whom he married, a simple shop-girl, had proved a lamentable failure so utterly incapable of rising with him that, when he took a palace in Park Lane, he sent her back with the two children to the country and lived a scandalous life.

The philosopher has observed that, in five cases out of six, the man who abandons his wife goes from the frying-pan into the fire, and, of course, burns his fingers. This was the case with Mr. Chambers. He met his fire, or, rather, his flame, at the Park Lane palace. She was a Mrs. Wallace, who, after a brilliant career as a professional beauty, had gone upon the stage, where retribution came in the shape of failure and sharp criticism, but compensation in the fact that it rendered less anomalous her position as a wife without a husband and a woman without a character. It was a deplorable fact that Mr. Chambers—or, to be more familiar, Ernest—had never sown his wild oats. Until the day of his marriage he had worked so terrifically to make himself a position that his life had been irreproachable. Without admitting that reformed rakes make the best husbands, it may be asserted with confidence that it is a dangerous thing for any wife to be the first chapter in her husband's history. The odds are that there will be a second. Mrs. Wallace had no objection to be Mr. Chambers's second chapter, though he, in fact, was only an episode in her second volume, and very soon everybody knew that the classical nose of Mrs. Chambers was out of joint—everybody save the poor woman, and she fondly believed that stress of business explained her husband's constant absences and that tightness in the Money Market was the cause of his retrenchments. It was at Kempton Park that the awakening came. Mrs. Chambers had tamely accepted her husband's explanation that he was too poor to buy her

good furs fit for her to wear, and, consequently, had not so much as a square inch of "bunny" about her; yet often she lay awake at nights dreaming of sables, real Russian sables, "untopped," "unshaded," "unstippled"—in a word, unfaked real Russian sables, black in the middle, with fascinating silver hairs, and soft and supple to the touch.

When she was looking at—at what ladies generally study during a race—she said breathlessly to her friend, Mrs. Gover, "Look at that, dear; look at that cloak! It must have cost a thousand guineas!" It had—and a bit more. A sixty-inch cloak of almost matchless, well-matched sable-skins, each of them representing a labourer's wages for half a year and none much bigger than a square foot.

"Why," said Mrs. Gover, in a whisper, "that's Mrs. Wallace."

"Oh, she acts!" exclaimed Mrs. Chambers.

"The critics deny that," replied her friend, with a hard laugh.

A moment later, Mrs. Chambers gave a cry. Ernest—her Ernest—was talking to the sables, or rather, to the woman in them, and she was smirking at him impudently: Ernest, whom she believed to be in the office working at wonderful plans for a dock on a difficult coast.

"Since you have seen that," said Mrs. Gover, "you may as well know that your husband paid for those furs; he—"

"I don't believe it!" interrupted Mrs. Chambers, fiercely.

"I know it—I know it for a fact. You see, they were bought at Priviletsky's. I was there the other day about a trumpery little muff—a mere sixty-guinea thing—and one of the 'hands' came in carrying that fur, and this is what I heard: The manager said, 'You must be sure to pack that up very carefully and send it off to Mrs. Wallace.'"

"That does not prove that my husband paid for it."

"Quite true, dear; but, a minute or two later, a clerk came up to the manager and said, 'What about the bill for that fur cloak?' and he was told to send a copy to Mrs. Wallace, since she wished to have some record of the cost, but to forward the bill itself to the office of Mr. Chambers, Queen Victoria Street. Pull yourself together, dear," she added, hastily, and not too soon, for Mrs. Chambers was very pale and rather plain in consequence.

The rest of the conversation between the ladies is of no great importance save so far as one phrase is concerned. It was uttered by Mrs. Chambers, and simply this—

"If I can't have my husband, I'll have that cloak."

All the world knows of the big ball, unpatronised by Royalty for certain reasons, given to raise funds for a charity connected with South Africa, the big-masked ball, the price of tickets for which was as steep as Ludgate Hill. Now, Mrs. Chambers amiably invited Ernest to take her to the ball, but he declined for the reasons well known by every husband. It was too dear, so dear that it would be empty; it would be hot and crowded; it would be mixed, so mixed that no respectable women would go, and, therefore, it would not be mixed at all; the supper would be beastly and indigestible, and you would not get any, and he was called away to Milford Haven to look at something new in the way of dock appliances. Although Ernest Chambers was not an observant man, there was something so curious in his wife's way of listening to him that he thought over it several times during the day, and even at dinner. On the night of the ball, the recollection made him so thoughtful as to cause Mrs. Wallace to ask him indiscreet questions, to which she received cutting answers. It was about eleven o'clock when Mr. Chambers and Mrs. Wallace arrived at the ball. Passing along the corridor, both of them were startled by the tragic appearance of a masked woman in a black domino, who was pacing up and down like a "Zoo" tiger overlooked in the distribution of daily food.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Wallace—not usually a sympathetic woman—"for him when he arrives."

But the woman in the black domino was not waiting for any "him."

It was a bitterly cold night, and for a moment Mrs. Wallace discussed the question of marching into the ball-room in her famous



sable cloak, of which she was as proud as Samuel Pepys the first time he received a letter with the word "Esquire" after his name; but Mr. Chambers laughed her out of it, so she walked to the cloak-room, closely followed by the woman in the black domino.

The sleepy young woman in the cloak-room—poor thing! there was no Factory Act to protect her, and her hours were longer than even those of the railway signal-men on whose presence of mind our safety depends—handed a ticket to Mrs. Wallace. "No. 373," she said, drowsily, and then she bundled together the sable coat as though it were the vilest "Japanese" and stuffed it into a pigeon-hole, at which Mrs. Wallace gave a gasp and then a sigh of happiness at the thought that its very quality would save it from injury. The woman in the black domino and mask stood by, and disappeared a few minutes later. Mrs. Wallace enjoyed the ball hugely—more, indeed, than Mr. Chambers, since he found that she knew dozens of men and loved dancing, and because a youth devoted to the study of the higher mathematics and the relative strengths of building materials had not prepared him for the mechanics of the waltz, so he was only a weary wall-flower. Indeed, he began to think a little. His wife sometimes made him take her to dances, where he always felt horribly bored; but she, at least, was merciful and left early, whilst Mrs. Wallace showed wonderful staying-power, in two senses of the term. Besides, he felt very uncomfortable, for a sense of decency caused him to be one of the few masked men in the place, and, even for a man after whose name comes the ridiculous group of letters "M.I.C.E.," five hours in a mask are very trying. It was about four o'clock before Mrs. Wallace had had enough of it and walked with him towards the exit. He was half-way into his coat when Mrs. Wallace, reckless of decorum, rushed into the men's cloak-room.

"Come with me!" she screamed; "my sables have been stolen!" And she clutched him by the hand and dragged him off, followed by a curious crowd. The sleepy attendant was wide awake, and the other young lady to whom she referred as her colleague was blinking in a corner.

"I tell you," said the girl, tearfully, "the lady came at about midnight; she said she was '373,' gave me the ticket, and I gave her the beastly cloak."

Mrs. Wallace stormed. "She couldn't have given you the ticket! I've got it; look here!" and she produced the slip of paper with "373" printed on it.

"I can't help it, Madam," replied the girl; "I'm sure she gave me the number."

"Show it me!" shrieked Mrs. Wallace; "show me the ticket!"

"I can't, Madam; I can't! I suppose it's on the floor amongst all the others. You can look for it if you like."

Mrs. Wallace began to push her way through the gaping little crowd to the end of the barrier.

"What's the good?" interrupted Chambers, furiously; "the thing's gone, and the ticket won't help you."

Such wise words did not stay the storm, and nearly a quarter of an hour passed before he got her away, and the language that she used quite horrified the unworthy engineer—indeed, horrified is too mild a term; it disgusted him, nor did he feel any the happier because of the fact that her accusation against the girl of having stolen the sables caused the poor creature to state her intention of bringing an action for defamation. Mrs. Wallace was in such a bad temper that, when they reached the flat, she would not allow him to come in for the drink that he wanted, and he crawled away to an hotel, thoroughly disgusted with himself and Mrs. Wallace.

Next day, just before dinner-time, the engineer reached home.

On his way, to his surprise, he found himself imagining with quite a glow of pleasure the embrace that he would receive on his arrival from his simple-minded wife. There were days, not very long past, when the thought of that embrace used to quicken his steps—used to make him hurry along the street in an undignified way when he left the station, and cause him to grumble vigorously at the slowness of the parlour-maid in opening the front-door: one or two parlour-maids had had their fate determined by that slowness. But, alas, for a good many months he had submitted to that embrace as coldly as a cat to caresses. This evening he once more felt aggrieved that the cab drove slowly and the footman wasted much time. When he reached the drawing-room, his wife was sitting down, nor did she move.

"You are ill, dear," he said, hastening forward anxiously.

"Not a bit," she answered. "Why do you ask?"

And he blushed, embarrassed. He tried to kiss her lips; she offered

her cheek, coldly, and then asked him questions about his journey, and there was something in her manner that caused him to lie very clumsily. All of a sudden, she jumped up.

"Do you know anything about furs?" she asked.

"No," he replied, stammering.

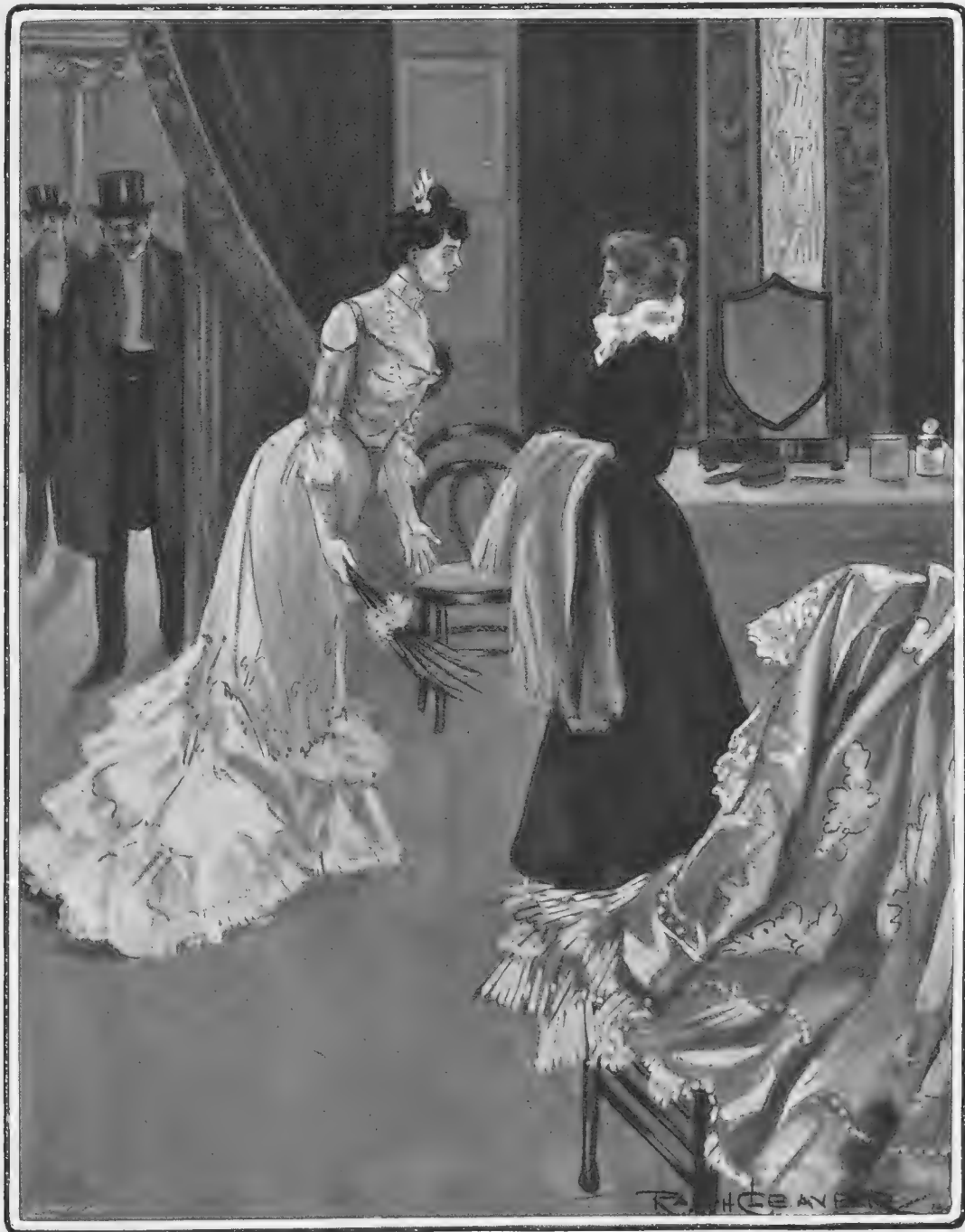
"Do you know good sable from bad?"

"How should I?" he answered.

"I've got a cloak very cheaply. You know you said, dear, you couldn't afford furs this year; but I thought you wouldn't mind a great bargain. Come this way." And she took him to the end of the drawing-room and showed him, lying on a table, the missing fur cloak.

For a moment, he gasped, bewildered; then the thought came that the thief might have sold it to his wife. He took it up, handled it, and said, timidly, "It seems very fine."

He had recognised it in a moment. There were few like it in London, and the maker's name was on it, as well as a barbaric golden



Mrs. Wallace stormed.

"THE SABLE CLOAK."



jewelled chain that Mrs. Wallace had fastened to it, as a means by which it could be hung up.

"What do you think I gave for it?" said the wife.

"How can I guess?" And he tried to speak playfully. "I suppose something much less than its value—you're such a clever little woman, and, of late, so careful about—"

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were flashing; she looked very beautiful. "Of late, I've been very careful about money, Ernest. Have you?"

He made no answer.

"You wish to know what I gave for this?"

He was still dumb.

"I gave nothing; at least, I gave a lie—a ticket with a five altered into a three, well enough to deceive a sleepy girl. I stole it."

Mr. Chambers stood still, aghast.

"Oh! I dare say it was disgraceful," she continued. "Why don't you go and tell her, and let her prosecute me? You could be a witness, couldn't you? Or, if you can't be a witness against your wife, I'll write down a confession."

"I hardly know you in this mood," answered Mr. Chambers, gravely.

"Have you ever known me in any mood? Have you ever thought me anything up to now but an uninteresting doll—except at the first, dear, except at the first—with no character, not even bad. Oh! but when I saw her at the races, I swore I would have furs as good as hers; and I have, but I can't wear them. I carried them out over my arm, and I wouldn't put them on for—for—" And she suddenly burst into tears, very becoming tears, since she was one of the rare creatures able to cry gracefully. "How could I, after that creature?"

There was a long pause.

"I can't wear them, and—and they won't burn; but I can—" And she picked up a big pair of scissors.

Now, Mr. Chambers had been thinking, and at very high pressure. Mrs. Wallace, when angry about the loss of the furs, had seemed horribly vulgar and base; her beauty had disappeared

in her vileness, whilst his wife, though her conduct was barely defensible, looked very handsome in her wrath. Memories surged up swiftly of the early days, of the time when the thought of the loving woman made his blood dance through his arteries, and a great wonder filled him at the idea he could have deserted this for that—have abandoned gold for dross—and a fear assailed him that he might be too late.

"Don't," he said. "At the worst, we could sell the fur and give the money to the poor."

She paused, surprised at the tone of his voice.

"Let her have it back. I'll buy you one twice as good—oh, yes; I know."

"No furs," she replied, "can warm a heart chilled by neglect."

"And can no regret cool a flame of just anger?"

"Regret?"

"Regret, sorrow, repentance. I have no excuses, no explanation. I attempt none. What was, came, I don't know how; what is, comes from a true regeneration. The thought of her seems like the recollection of a nightmare. Is there no hope?"

"Hope of what?"

"Of pardon, of more than pardon."

"Surely there is hope! Think what fools we women are!"

"Your folly is our wisdom. Listen. I have forfeited all that is dearest; I have made an Esau bargain. Let me begin again. Try to think that all the past never happened. Think of me as a suitor, a humble suitor, and, on my honour—no, for that is smirched, and, indeed, I have nothing to pledge—"

"Come, come!" she replied, tears and smiles contradicting one another on her face. "We have the furs to pledge, and I make two conditions. First, that we sell them and give the money to the poor; and second, that you never ask me to wear a fur again. Is that agreed?"

"Yes," he answered, gravely.

"Then you may kiss my hand."

And he did.



"IN JAPAN," AT THE ALHAMBRA: A PRETTY GEISHA GROUP.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that theatrical people are even more superstitious than other professionals. Success or failure must seem to them to depend so much upon circumstance. Take, for example, the case of the latest new play by that mostly brilliant lady dramatist, Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley—"The Grass Widow," to wit. This piece was withdrawn from the Shaftesbury after a five nights' run, certain of those five nights being really record-like as regards West-End theatre "returns." Yet, on the other side of Shaftesbury Avenue, namely, at the Lyric, Mr. Forbes-Robertson is still drawing tremendous houses with the same author's charming play, "Mice and Men," which is now nearing its two hundredth performance there.

At the said Shaftesbury the Management (or Syndicate) has, happily, found a capital play wherewith to continue their season. This play is also by Mrs. Ryley. It is "Jedbury Junior," the charming comedy originally seen at Terry's some six years back. The new cast includes Mr. Frank Worthing, as the junior Jedbury; Mr. Walter Howe, as the senior Jedbury; Miss Muriel Ashwynne, as Nelly (formerly played by Miss Eva Moore); and Miss Grace Lane, in Miss Maude Millett's old character of Dora.

The reason for the failure of "The Grass Widow" is not far to seek. Both the story and the treatment were trite and trivial, and, indeed, one could not escape from the thought that Mrs. Ryley had written the play when she was very young.

On the other hand, "Jedbury Junior"—which, as "Christopher Junior," had a very long run in America—is a comedy full of life and daintiness, as well as of quiet humour. Its revival should be welcome.

It seems likely that in the autumn the Shaftesbury will revert to music-play wares. Anyhow, there is a rumour afoot to the effect that the successful American extravaganza, "King Dodo," may anon be brought to that theatre, or to one not far away.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson is too strong a Shaksperian enthusiast to keep too long from presenting some work or other of the Bard's. One is not surprised, therefore, to find that, although he lately gave up the idea of playing Othello during his season at the Lyric, he will repeat his fine impersonation of Hamlet for several matinées during the Coronation Season. The charming Miss Gertrude Elliott will, of course, be the Ophelia. Miss Mary Rorke, doubtless, will be cast for the Queen.

Of the making of new theatres there appears to be no end. In the first place, Mr. Wyndham (who has just revived "David Garrick" at his Charing Cross Road house) will in the autumn open a new playhouse close by that spot. He tells me that, in all probability, he will call it The New Theatre. I cannot say that I am in love with the name. In the first place, the title is not very distinctive when so many fresh playhouses are springing up. In the second place, it must be called something else than "New" as it grows older.

The other new theatres ere long to be bestowed upon Londoners include the Marlborough, which Mr. F. W. Purcell, of the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, and the Grand Theatre, Derby, is building opposite that ancient hostelry, the Nag's Head, in the Holloway Road, and the splendid King's Theatre, which Mr. J. E. Mulholland, of the Métropole, Camberwell, is having put up at Hammersmith. Mr. Wyndham would have called his new theatre "The King's" if Mr. Mulholland had not had a prior claim to the name.

The fact that Sir Henry Irving will revive at the Lyceum during Coronation week the late W. G. Wills's best play, "Charles the First,"

will remind many middle-aged playgoers of the stormy dissensions that took place in print, and sometimes in that playhouse, thirty years ago as to the author's belittling and vulgarising of the character of Cromwell. A sort of dramatic counterblast was provided at the time at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in the shape of a five-Act drama, called "Cromwell," written by the late Colonel Bate Richards. It was too solemn a play to succeed. It had, however, a good deal of literary quality. By the way, it has been announced broadcast that Miss Ellen Terry was the original Queen in "Charles the First." This, of course, is not strictly accurate. The character was first played by Miss Isabel Bateman.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's multitudinous admirers will rejoice to learn that his latest play, "Quality Street," is to be seen in London—haply, at the Vaudeville—during the coming autumn. Miss Maud Adams, who made so great a "hit" as the heroine, "Phoebe of the Ringlets,"

in America, will not appear in the play here, although, as a matter of fact, that great little American actress, at the present moment, is in London. Her character, it appears, will be played by Miss Ellaline Terriss, and Mr. Seymour Hicks, I learn, will play the hero, which was successfully enacted through the States by Mr. Sydney Brough, who has just returned to London.

## THE NEW "REVUE."

It is not often that Music Hall or Variety managers worry sufficiently as to their respective productions clashing to cause them to go in for postponement. But Mr. Philip Yorke, the new manager of the Tivoli—perhaps because he has had a good deal of theatre training—arranged, just as *The Sketch* was going to press, to postpone his Tivoli *revue* until tomorrow (Thursday) night. Apart from the pictures shown in our present issue, some idea of this, the first regular *revue* to be seen in London (especially in the Variety theatres) may be gathered from the following mems. specially written during the latest Tivoli preparations. You must know, then, that, of the many important music-hall "stars" engaged for this *revue*, the two drawing the biggest salaries are Little Tich and Marie Lloyd. Mr. Tich will represent, in turn, Ping-Pong the Deuce, King of Sahara, after Crib the King's Valet; the Terrible Greek Wrestler; Faust (*à la* Jean de Reszke), and Ben Fur, as per Mr. Robert Taber, with an Awful Chariot Race,

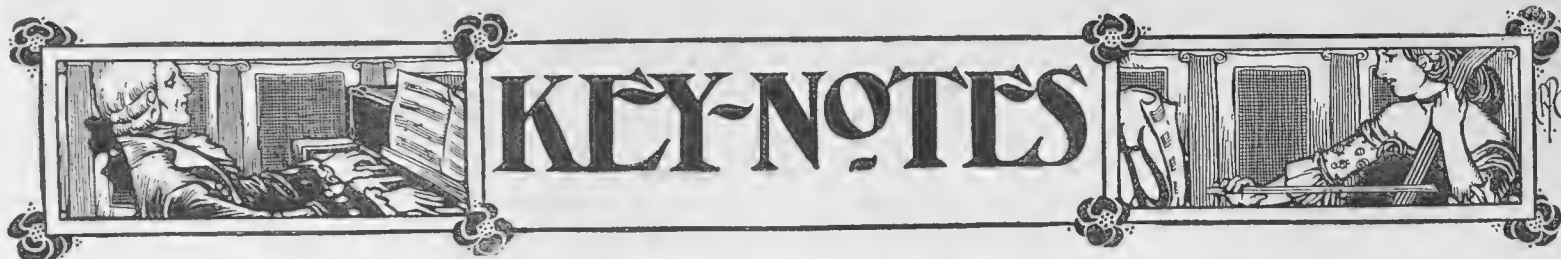
constructed somewhat on roundabout lines. Miss Lloyd will also be varied in her impersonations. Starting as Sarah Bernhardt, she will proceed to mimic Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Cecilia Loftus as Margaret, Miss Olga Nethersole as Sappho, and the wife of Mr. George Robey's Prehistoric Man, pictured in *The Sketch* by Phil May. That other clever music-hall (and theatrical) artist, Mr. George Gray, will depict in due order Santoy Tomount, who will remind you in turn of Mr. George Edwardes (accompanied on his Cigar-shaped Air-ship by Three Little Maids), Sir Michael Twixt Breach, and Mr. Beerpint Organ, forsooth! Miss Lilian Doreen will, among other characters, represent the sweet-singing leader of a group of Outcast Glasgow Barmaids; Mr. H. A. Moore, the realistic mimic, will principally contribute really remarkable counterfeit presentments of Mr. Dan Leno and that Ben-Hurly heavy villain, here called Marsala. Mr. Charles Raymond, who is responsible for much of this *revue's* construction as well as its stage-management, will play all sorts of parts, including the Lyceum's late Sherlock Holmes, and present Mephistopheles and the recent Ulysses of Her Majesty's. The whole will conclude with a Grand Coronation Tableau, for which the great Sousa has kindly given the use of the march which he composed for Coronation purposes.



MRS. LEWIS WALLER AS "ZAZA," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.





THE magnificent building which Cardinal Vaughan has been raising at Westminster to take the place of the chief Roman Catholic Cathedral of England is rapidly approaching completion, and a few days ago a public test was given to its acoustic qualities, a test at which many distinguished social leaders were present. The director of the music at this Cathedral at Westminster is Mr. R. R. Terry, who has hitherto been associated with the music at Downside College, near Bath. Mr. Terry is an extremely accomplished musician who has made it the object of a great deal of enthusiastic labour to revive in their purest form the works of the old ecclesiastical masters of music, whose influence in the future musical career of the Cathedral he intends to make paramount. Perhaps Mr. Terry's programme is at present a trifle too drastic, but it is always easier to lower your level a little than to exalt it. Certainly he has a large body of rich treasure wherefrom to draw, and it seems to the present writer that, if his policy is carried out, even only on its main lines, the music that will be heard there when the Cathedral is completed will be of a unique kind and will probably be a keen attraction to all sorts and conditions of musicians.

One agreeable thing in connection with the test-programme already mentioned was the demonstration of the fact that the acoustic quality of the new building is as nearly perfect as possible. That very rarely heard composition of Wagner's, "The Holy Supper of the Apostles," was sung by a full choir with great effect and purity of tone, not blurred in the slightest degree by the smallest repeating echo. It is very curious to compare this work with work dealing with precisely the same situation as it appears in the last of Wagner's operas, "Parsifal." "The Holy Supper of the Apostles" is almost Mendelssohnian in its melodic inspiration, and wholly Mendelssohnian in its harmonic construction; it has beauty, but beauty of a totally un-Wagnerian kind. "The Supper of the Knights" in "Parsifal" belongs to the Wagner of a later day. Pure as living water and strong as steel, the spiritual beauty of the later work transcends that of the other amazingly, the comparison being aptly sketched in Tennyson's few words, "As moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine." Mr. Terry also gave one Motet by Palestrina and one by Blow, and, to crown all, Purcell's magnificent "Te Deum." This latter work was sung admirably by the massed choirs of Westminster and the Oratory.

It would be superfluous, perhaps, to enter into any elaborate criticism of the performance which was given at this Cathedral; one mistake, however, was made which has to be chronicled: the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven ought never to have been included in the programme—or, at least, having been included, it should have been played with care and some sense of dignity. The fault, however, did



MISS ELSIE WARNER AND MASTER H. VERNON WARNER.

*Photograph by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.*

not lie at Mr. Terry's door, who did not even conduct the Symphony. The matter, however, had nothing to do with the success of the test which had been invited on this occasion.

"Common Chord" was fortunate enough to be present at St. Paul's when the King attended for the great Thanksgiving Service celebrating

the end of the War in South Africa. The chief musical as apart from patriotic interest was the production for the first time of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Te Deum." It was Sullivan's last finished work and was actually written for the occasion on which it was produced.



MDLLE. JEANNE DUMAS.

*Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*

Sullivan himself had long since laid down his pen, and it was a pathetic matter to remember that the Cathedral in which we were listening to his last sacred composition was the very building in which he himself was taking his last sleep.

The new "Te Deum" is a very fine work and will certainly become extremely popular. It stands as a lasting contradiction to those who believed and said that Sullivan at the end of his life was worked out, that he no longer preserved any of his freshness, and that the golden vein had been completely exhausted. Without going into details, one may mention such passages as the "Holy, Holy," mysterious and reverent; the triumphant chorus "The Glorious Company of the Apostles," the splendid "Lord, save thy People," and the extraordinary climax through which the work is brought to an end. Perhaps the most ingenious element in the whole of the composition is the weaving in and out of the accompaniments the music of his own great hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"; it is, as it were, the *leit-motiv* of the whole work, having, of course, its peculiar significance in connection with the celebration for which it was written.

Two very young players, Master H. Vernon Warner and Miss Elsie Warner, are to give, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, a pianoforte and violin recital on the afternoon of the 23rd inst. Master Warner has already made quite a small reputation for himself as a young artist who may be regarded scarcely so much as a prodigy as a player with a prettily finished style and of original emotional powers. Miss Elsie Warner will join her brother in quite a formidable programme on the occasion to which I have referred.

COMMON CHORD.

#### MDLLE. JEANNE DUMAS.

Mdlle. Jeanne Dumas is a comparatively new recruit to the musical world of London, but in Paris she is widely known and highly appreciated. Gifted with a soprano voice of great strength and remarkable purity, she has been trained under the best masters and has won golden opinions from all who have heard her. It is not unlikely that she will soon be heard in opera, though for the time being she is devoting herself to concerts. In order to enlarge her audiences, Mdlle. Dumas comes to London for the Season, leaving her pupils and engagements in Paris for the three months of late spring and early summer. Her first visit was made last year and was sufficiently successful to justify the second one, in which she has already added considerably to the circle of her admirers. Mdlle. Dumas gave a recital a week or two ago at the Salle Erard.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*The Weather—A Vow—The Puncture Dread—Puncture-Stops—Carrying Baggage—The Demand for Bicycles—Cycling Booklets—The Bean-feaster and his Ways—Excessive Zeal by Constables.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 18, 9.17; Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 9.18; Monday and Tuesday, 9.19.

One gets tired writing about the weather. The scribes seem to have worn threadbare their references to the absence of King Sol and the unkindness of Jupiter Pluvius. It is nice to ride in the rain occasionally; mud (in the proper state of mind) has its fascination. But too much rain and a plethora of mud are things which the most long-suffering of cyclists will in time cry out against.

If I can help it—though my ire may get the better of my intention—I am not going to refer to the weather any more. The only thing that would bring us genial sunshine, instead of having to wear overcoats and have fires in mid-June, would be a mass-meeting of cyclists in Hyde Park to pass resolutions that the weather they liked best was rainy, and that there was nothing more delightful on earth than to plug one's way through slush. Then, I fancy—in accordance with the eternal cussedness of things—the sun would blaze out, and in a few days the roads would be thick with dust.

The dread of a puncture haunts the average wheelman like a chronic nightmare. After all, however, are punctures so very common? Now and then you can have a run of ill-luck and be cursed with a couple of punctures in a day. But then you can go for weeks and never have the slightest trouble at all. Tyres are not all they might be. There is a great variation in the best makes, and even of the same make and of the supposed same quality. This, I presume, cannot always be avoided.

That punctures should be an abiding fear, however, as they are with many riders, is quite unnecessary. Still, it is rather absurd for anybody to go out riding without being fully equipped and able to mend a common thorn-wound. Making a repair does not call for any special ability. Ten minutes by a roadside is preferable to a trudge of perhaps three or four miles to a place where a mend can be effected by somebody else. Some folks adopt puncture-stops. A sticky substance is injected into the tyre, and, when a thorn penetrates, this material chokes the puncture and there is little more inconvenience. Where most of the puncture-stops are absolutely useless is in the case of a gash. Indeed, puncture-stop is then a horrible nuisance. The tyre oozes stickiness, and to mend the cut is nigh impossible. Much the better way is to run honest risks, and, when one does get a puncture, repair it in the proper way.

Of course, when on a touring jaunt, it is necessary to have a carrier of some sort in which to convey one's baggage. There are some excellent bags now to be purchased. The best place to attach the carrier is immediately over the rear-wheel, though a bag in the diamond frame is not to be ignored. The place where it is not advisable to carry anything is, on the handle-bars. Most people who are just going off for a couple of days' ride, and want to take nothing with them beyond a pair of pyjamas, a comb, a tooth-brush, and a piece of soap, need not have a carrier in the ordinary sense. Perhaps I may tell the way I do myself when I am going out for only a night. I have an oblong piece of mackintosh. In this I wrap my belongings as tightly as I can, and then fasten the package tautly against the back stays. A bundle in that position, if properly shaped, causes no inconvenience.

The ideal motor will, of course, be one driven swiftly and silently by electricity. The most enthusiastic motorists will admit that the aroma of petrol is not to be mistaken for the scent of flowers on the side of a country road. The reason electric motors are not more to be seen is because generating stations are so sparse, and the motorist must confine himself to a limited area within which he may have his

battery re-charged when out for a ride. It is reported that Mr. Edison, the wonder-inventor of the world, is making a storage battery which will allow an automobile to run a hundred miles without re-charging. If this be so, and the battery is really practicable, motoring, which many people avoid now because of the noise and smell, will become more popular than ever.

One gets a little tired nowadays of hearing people saying that bicycling has gone out of fashion. True, park-dawdling has ceased to be what it was. But I am positive that, were a plébiscite to be taken, it would be found that not one per cent. of the riders of five or six years ago have abandoned the craze, whilst, on the other hand, one might say that hundreds of thousands of fresh riders have taken up the pastime. Folks who talk about the decay of cycling are those who have absolutely no experience beyond London parks. The best evidence to the contrary is to be found in the steady, continuous output of the big manufacturing firms. Somebody buys new bicycles, and, as most of the big works are as busy as they can well be, that somebody must in the aggregate amount to a good many thousands of people.

Naturally, I get sent to me many of what may be called "cycling booklets." In former days, makers were content with issuing a pamphlet containing a crude picture of a bicycle, with the price marked beneath. Now, very excellently produced books are sent out, giving not only information about a particular make, so that an intending purchaser may be enlightened, but there is usually a mass of really interesting detail about the bicycle in general. This is a

good plan, because whereas in other days one generally pitched the catalogue into the waste-paper basket, the habit now is to keep the booklet, not only because it is so often excellently produced, but because of its genuine value.

It is to be hoped that the country police, who are tolerably expert in catching motorists driving at excessive speed, will do their best this next few months, when the bean-feast is prevalent in the land, to catch and assist in punishing those reckless revellers who, when they have slaked their constant thirst, pitch the bottle from the van, so sprinkling the road with broken glass and causing much trouble to cyclists. Several offenders have been caught and fined, and, if the practice is kept

up for a little time, this legitimate cause of complaint on the part of suffering wheelmen will soon disappear.

Several complaints have been made against policemen summoning cyclists because they wheel their bicycles at night without a light. The police have absolutely no right to do this. It is contrary to the law to ride your bicycle without a lamp, but there is nothing to prevent you wheeling it lampless. Indeed, many of us can recall occasions when we have had to walk in the dark, trundling the bicycle, because something has gone amiss with the lamp, and have had no trouble at all with the police. On the other hand, there are policemen who imagine that you must have a lamp, riding or not riding. According to the Local Government Act (1888), the law applies only to cyclists "riding or being upon" their bicycles. Therefore, if a policeman interferes with you when you are not riding, it is well to be in a position to tell him that he is exceeding his duty.

The June number of the *C. T. C. Gazette* is much above the average in interest. I am never tired of looking at Mr. A. R. Quinton's sketches. They are probably done from photographs, but he certainly manages, as well as any black-and-white artist I know, to produce an admirable effect. There is still room for improvement in the *Gazette*, by cutting down the reports of the Council meeting and those of district associations, which are only partially interesting to the people in the districts, because they have probably read the same in the local papers, and are practically of no interest at all to the general member. Mr. T. H. Holding writes chattily on how to make cycle-camping pleasant; another writer is almost as enthusiastic as I get myself over "Rides with an Object"; and there are really attractive articles on what to drink and what not to drink.

J. F. F.



MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON, OF THE GAIETY, IN A "WOLSELEY" CAR.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Ascot.*

As has been freely predicted, Ascot Meeting this year will beat all records in the matter of the brilliance of the surroundings. Major Clements, who is Manager of the meeting and Clerk of the Course, takes a great interest in his work, and he is ably assisted by his son. The Major puts in an appearance on the Heath every day the year through, and he is always devising some scheme to improve the surroundings. Major Clements is a facile writer, and he has before now penned many interesting



POLO: ENGLAND v. AMERICA.—WATCHING THE SECOND MATCH.

articles for the sixpenny weekly sporting papers. Major Clements holds office under the Jockey Club for the Ascot Meeting only, as does Mr. Dundas in the case of the Goodwood fixture. The Ascot Meeting should prove a nice little outing for the Chief Magistrate of Bow Street, who sits in his Court at the back of the Royal Stand during the four days of the fixture. Everything can be obtained in plenty at Ascot except pure water, and it is to be hoped that, sooner or later, pipes will be laid on and water brought in sufficient quantities to be used on the race-track during the dry weather. It is remarkable that, in the case of both Ascot and Goodwood, it would be almost cheaper, under present conditions, to irrigate the tracks with soda-water than it would to use pure water. The poor carriage-horses have often to go dry at the meetings named. More's the pity.

*Winners for Ascot.* The Royal Hunt, generally speaking, is one of the best speculative mediums of the whole year, as it is possible to back a horse to win a fortune over this race and the business need not be done until the numbers have gone up. The late Captain Machell is said to have laid out sufficient to bring him in £30,000 on several occasions just before the white flag fell for the start of the Royal Hunt Cup. The race this week will be a good one, and, from latest information to hand, I shall split my vote between Stealaway and O'Donovan Rossa. I expect to see St. Uncombe successful in the Coronation Stakes, and Friar Tuck may win the three-year-old Biennial. The Gold Cup, on Thursday, will be a highly interesting race, as owners are anxious to obtain the coveted trophy in this particular year. The race may rest between William the Third and Santoi, and I give the slightest preference to the last-named, who ran like a racehorse at Kempton Park. The New Stakes, on Thursday, may be won by Rock Sand. I expect Elizabeth M. will win the All-Aged Stakes on Friday. There are a number of entries for the Alexandra Plate, but this race will be influenced by the result of the Gold Cup. His Majesty the King has Pole-Carew engaged in the St. James's Palace Stakes on Thursday, but he is said to be only moderate, and it is a pity that the horses in Marsh's stable should be so mediocre in Coronation year. I should like to see His Majesty's colours in the van at Ascot.

*Motors.*

Several gentlemen have written to me in grumbling terms because they are not allowed to take their motor-cars on to the Heath at Ascot; but I cannot sympathise with them a little bit, as I commend "the greatest good of greatest numbers" to the officials of all race-meetings. True, there were plenty of motors on the Hill at Epsom, but they were, so to speak, far removed from civilisation. At the Ascot Meeting the case is different. The motor-owners want to bring their cars into line with the coaches and to use them as Grand Stands from which to see the racing. This, gentlemen, would not do at any price. If motorists must ride

to Ascot on their cars, they might leave them at any one of the many hotels to be found in the near neighbourhood. More they could hardly expect. It would, for instance, be a very awkward thing were a 20 horse-power motor to badly break down on the course. Further, if the cars were allowed on the Heath, some gentlemen might be tempted to ride out on them to watch the morning gallops, and a little item in the evening papers telling of a terrible accident to a Gold Cup candidate, owing to being frightened by a motor-car, would not be very encouraging to owners of valuable racehorses. Motors have their uses and their places, but they should be rigidly excluded from Ascot Heath on race-days.

*Improvements at Ascot.*

It is generally understood that His Majesty the King took the liveliest interest in the alterations and additions made to the stands and enclosures at Ascot. An army of workmen have been employed on the job for months, and the result is satisfactory. The alteration to the finish of the course is a capital idea, from the spectator's point of view. The Paddock has been much enlarged, and the enclosures have been added to. The Royal Enclosure, King's Enclosure, and Jockey Club Enclosure are perfect and roomy. The new Royal Stand is built in substantial style and is beautifully fitted and upholstered. Lord Churchill must be congratulated on the keen attention he has paid to the work. His Lordship, in Norfolk suit and seated on a tasty cob, has often devoted time to the goings-on on the course during the last three months. There is a talk, by-the-bye, of a second meeting being held at Ascot next year.

CAPTAIN COE.

## INTERNATIONAL POLO.

The second match played at Hurlingham between the American team and the English representatives on Monday of last week attracted a huge crowd. The Americans having gained a somewhat easy victory in the first contest, things looked rather dismal for the Old Country. However, the English team was a great improvement on that which played in the former match, and, after a dashing and exciting game, won by six goals to one.

## THE "L.K.A." SHOW.

The Dog Show held last week in the beautiful gardens of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park was visited by many distinguished people, including Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie Gordon, Count and Countess Carrobbio, and Lord and Lady Decies. To the ordinary attractions of the Show was added the spectacle of a procession of dogs and their owners in appropriate fancy-dress. Thus, the prize Pekins were accompanied by a lifelike Chinaman; the Irish terriers were escorted by a little "Paddy" clad in emerald-green; and "Mary's little lamb," though not present in person, was represented by a tiny dog enveloped in sheepskin and led by a dainty little Mary.



LADIES' DOG SHOW IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK: ROUND THE TOY JUDGING RING.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MISFORTUNE seems to hover over Hurlingham. The finish of the International Polo Match, which had been so eagerly looked forward to and which would have been such an elaborately costumed occasion, was one of downpour and disappointment on Saturday. The postponement to the following Monday made



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A BEAUTIFUL WHITE LACE GOWN FOR ASCOT CUP DAY.

it impossible for crowds to see it who would otherwise have graced the occasion, and, as if it were not enough that the few opportunities of summer costumes were again docked of an important chance of display, those who were bold enough to venture forth on Saturday got nearly drenched for their pains. What can be the use, inquires the petulant feminine, of owning chiffons of fairy-like beauty and brilliancy merely for the delectation of one's wardrobe-drawers? Intricate stitchery and elaborate appliqués are quite lost on the closed doors of the "armoire," while to disinter them and venture forth in the sure and certain knowledge of forthcoming showers merely spells destructive extravagance. The old adage of "Four fine days and a thunderstorm" would even be preferable to the miserable drizzle in which we live and have our being. Driving about in the Park has been the bitterest satire of all, with gusty winds to decoiffer us and irritating sudden rains to disarrange the most carefully planned effects. The only people who seem to really disregard the weather and set its antics at naught are the motorists, whose whizzing by and disappearing appearances are daily a more familiar sight.

Many tirades have been written about the ugliness of motor-cars. Many more might be added about the impossible ugliness of the motorists themselves. With the men, in their leather caps, coats, and goggles, we have nothing to do, but fair femininity has surely never disguised itself to such an appalling set of sequences as since the introduction of the "divinely exciting automobile." It seems to me that, if the note of uniformity were struck in these modern whirligigs, the hideous effect which is at present presented to our vision as they flash by would be somewhat mitigated. Why, for instance, should not a

motor-car be painted ciel-blue and its mistress frocked to match? Pale pink is a picturesque colour against a background of green. Both Harris and Irish tweeds are dyed in these pastel shades, as all the world knoweth. Both retain their tones and stand the roughest usage. Somebody has said that the white-enamelled motor, such as that in which Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance, takes his pleasure, has all the appearance of a badly made bath on wheels; still, its aquatic appearance might be mitigated by the presence of some white-cloaked or coated nymphs on board, while a scarlet motor with a bevy of gaily cloaked fair would surely make a welcome note against the greyness and dulness of our streets and roadways.

The most beautiful scarlet cloaks can be had in Galway. Age does not seem to wither nor custom stale their refreshing brilliance, and the bare-footed Connemara peasant, with her dark hair and Spanish eyes, has immemorially decked herself in this cheerful colouring by reason of the innate coquetry which exists in every daughter of Eve, even though she go barefoot on week-days and exist on a diet of fresh air and potatoes.

Of course, if one dared approach the sacred subject of motors, it would be to suggest that the inventors of its swift soul should also pay a little attention to the beautifying of the body of the creation, but men of science are notoriously inartistic, and it will now remain for the artist to come along and clothe it in fitting costume. The spectre of the ordinary brougham or victoria such as we rarely see in the streets shorn of its redeeming point, the horse, is a melancholy object. It awaits the artist to endue the motor with a beautiful exterior, and, in



[Copyright.]

A GOWN OF PAINTED MUSLIN FOR ASCOT.

copying Nature by adopting bird-like forms—or why not fish?—he will be nearer the apotheosis of the motor-car.

I have received an amusing letter from one signing himself "A Plaintive Male," who says: "Though without the privilege of knowing you, I am well convinced that you possess no inconsiderable influence with your feminine readers; and I would, therefore, supplicate you



to join your prayers with mine that on Coronation Day at least the picture-hat of colossal dimensions and view-destroying notoriety may be laid aside. Far be it from me," this slightly cynical male continues, "to wish that appearance should be sacrificed to altruism. Perish the impossible thought! Still, I am credibly informed by female relations that headgear of a modified circumference need not necessarily interfere with a millinery *tour de force*. If such be indeed the case, lovely woman would but add to her captivations if, instead of bewildering those behind her with solid squares of waving plumes



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By Gunn and Stuart, Sloane Street, S.W.

and serried ranks of artificial flowers, she would gracefully waive these artificial allurements 'for two days only,' and so allow a sight of the Processions to her appreciative fellow creatures in the back rows." Such a letter needs no comments, and if, in the face of such plaintive persuasiveness, any reader of the appeal can pin on a picture cart-wheel to her plaits or coils on Coronation Day, she must indeed be impervious alike to censure, sarcasm, and appeal.

Amongst the beautiful gowns seen at the last Court, those worn by Mrs. and Miss Elliot were worthy of particular notice, because of their original style.

The former had a petticoat of gathered chiffon and old Maltese point, the train being of black and gold gauze. Miss Elliot, who was presented by her mother, wore white satin and lace, the point being lovely wreaths of hand-painted silk convolvuli, which were attached to the most natural-looking stems, and hung in loose, trailing fringes with an intensely realistic effect. This new style of decorating Court- and ball-gowns has been invented by Madame Impey, who adds to the trained skill of the couturière the divine afflatus of the popular water-colour artist.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

LENA (Leominster).—You can never get wrong effects in Nature, so the simplest and most certain plan of having your colours right is to take any flower you choose to represent at the ball and get the best dressmaker you can "run to" for its elaboration into costume. Those wreaths of hanging, hand-painted silk flowers of which I spoke above are an excellent tip for costume-gowns. They are, moreover, absolutely novel and the invention of the lady alluded to.

SYBIL.

#### A DAY IN THE CONSTABLE COUNTRY.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce that the new and attractive drive through the Constable country commenced on June 17. Tickets on the coupon principle, at moderate fares, will be issued every Tuesday and Friday (except Coronation week) by one of the morning fast trains from Liverpool Street Station, including return railway fare to Colchester, and the carriage drive through some of the pleasantest parts of Essex and Suffolk associated with the great painter. Including luncheon at Dedham, the total cost will be 17s. 6d. first class and 12s. 6d. third class. In the course of the drive, opportunity is afforded of visiting some of the scenes most familiar to Constable and to lovers of his works, such as Stoke-by-Nayland, Dedham Vale, Flatford Mill, and East Bergholt. The return journey is accomplished in time to visit some interesting parts of Colchester and to join the fast trains back to town. An itinerary can be obtained at any of the Company's offices in London, or will be sent free by post on application to Mr. H. G. Drury, Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

#### MISS ADA DAVIES.

A good many people who went to Miss Ada Davies' concert last week at Steinway Hall are asking who this young lady is who has such a superb voice and sings not only with power, but with an expression and *verve* seldom heard on the concert-stage. Miss Davies was a pupil of Jacques Boule, and is now studying under Hugo Heinz. She has had a most successful career as a student, and made a *début* at the Opera-Comique in Paris which at once put her in the first rank of sopranos. She has, unfortunately, been very ill, and so we have not had much opportunity of hearing her in London. But there can be no two opinions about her voice, which is magnificent.

#### "THE BANDITS," AT THE HIPPODROME.

NEVER before was such a sensational water-scene witnessed in London as that which forms the finale of "The Bandits," the new Hippodrome piece. Indeed, it is safe to say that never before has such a sensation been placed on any stage in the world.

A pistol-shot explodes the dynamite in a mill, causing the bursting of the mill-dam and the release of the water, which comes pouring down the stage in a torrent of such force that it literally sweeps a coach and four horses off a bridge into the water, incidentally shattering the bridge, so that the curtain falls on a scene of chaos faithfully reproducing the sensational posters which are to be seen on the hoardings.

In order to get this effect, many structural alterations have had to be made in the handsome building in Cranbourn Street. In the first place, a tank capable of containing fourteen thousand gallons has been constructed on the roof, from which the water is brought a distance of a hundred and thirty feet to the stage-level by a pipe whose diameter is nearly a foot. By the ingenuity of Mr. Frank Parker, who has devised a system of new sluices to the tank, not a drop of this water escapes, so that there is no possibility of any member of the audience sitting in the front row of the stalls being splashed even with a single drop. Not the least interesting part of this sensational scene is the fact that the audience sees most of it built up in its presence, and is thus able to form some idea of the overwhelming force of the water, for the bridge alone weighs between five and six tons and has to be set in three sections, each of which requires thirty men to drag it into the ring, where, having been lashed into position on the table of the tank, it gradually sinks into the water.

The whole weight of scenery and properties used in the production amounts to a hundred and eighty tons, and, altogether, there are employed in it four hundred people, besides two coaches, the second being reserved in case the one in use gets damaged, and some forty horses, including the reserves in case of accident.

The story is a romantic, not to say melodramatic one, and with but little expansion might become a Drury Lane melodrama. The Hippodrome play, in fact, is "Liebigised" melodrama, and has been written, as readers of *The Sketch* are aware, by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova.

#### "THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES."

MR. CALMOUR, or "the poet Calmour," as he is sometimes called in the papers, in his play, "The Queen of the Roses," produced at a trial-matinée last Friday, showed a quite needless anxiety to avoid novelty of theme or freshness of treatment. The village beauty and the bad Baronet—wicked in accordance with stage tradition—who is reformed by contact with her purity and innocence, are old enemies of the critic, and Mr. Calmour hardly makes them dance to a new tune. The stage rustled with ill-assorted dialects, indulged in the customary humours, and why it was expected that people should be entertained by the affair I cannot tell. There are playgoers who would sooner see a bad play than none, and to them, no doubt, "The Queen of the Roses" would be interesting, and, of course, to those who visit the playhouse rarely the lack of novelty in plot, situation, or phrase may not seem obvious; but a playwright cannot reasonably hope to be so fortunate—or unfortunate—as to get an audience of unsophisticated playgoers. How little the piece held the house could be judged by the hearty laughter occasioned by some trifling accidents in the presentation. When an audience is really gripped, one can feel running through the house a kind of thrill or shudder when any little accident of falling scenery, or the like, occurs. When a play is of such quality, one does not expect remarkable acting. Mr. Hermann Vezin was in the company, and all admire his too much neglected gifts; but he was not able to vitalise the part of an old Frenchman allotted to him. There were half-a-dozen other players of ability in the piece, yet an hour afterwards it is hard to remember at all exactly anything done by them. They deserve pity, not praise, and much the same, presumably, may be said of those who conscientiously sat out the piece in the vain hope that it might improve as it went on.

MONOCLE.

#### THE KING'S CHOCOLATE.

The King's Coronation Dinner will be given to five hundred thousand of the London poor. Sixty thousand stewards will look after the King's guests, and each steward and guest (five hundred and sixty thousand in all) will receive one of the King's chocolate-boxes. The boxes are given by Messrs. Rowntree and Co., Limited, York, to the King, who has graciously accepted them for presentation in his name to his Coronation guests. The chocolate in the tin is the "King" chocolate. The tins have been manufactured by Messrs. Barringer, Wallis, and Manners, Limited, of Mansfield, who made a large number of the Queen's chocolate-boxes. A finished tin was submitted to and approved by His Majesty. The selection of cake chocolate by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria for presentation to her two hundred thousand troops at "the Front," Christmas, 1900, has, no doubt, added to the popularity of this food sweetmeat. Messrs. Rowntree were honoured with the order for a large portion of Her Majesty's "Queen" chocolate-boxes.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 20.*

## THE CASE FOR CONSOLS.

WERE it not for the heavy bull account which exists in Consols, the chances of the Funds kissing par within Coronation Year would be lustrous. Since last New Year's Day the whole aspect of the monetary situation has become radically changed, and, although the Money Market hovers hesitatingly between ease and nervousness, the Bank Rate is more likely to decline than to rise. The Government has announced its intention of again becoming a purchaser of Goschens on behalf of the Sinking Fund, and the example of Sir Michael will be steadily followed by the important class of investors who regard Consols as a fetish and who will have them or nothing, unless it be a deposit rate from bankers. The French investor during the progress of the Boer War was content to leave his money with the Crédit Lyonnais or other Banks of the same class, but now that Peace is with us he will again be in the Consol Market crying for stock. The unfortunate part of a purchase of Consols as a speculation lies in the big bull account, to which attention has already been directed; but, upon any decline, the stock can be safely picked up, say, at about 96½. In the eye of the sentimentalist, the reduction of the interest to 2½ per cent. next year counts for practically nothing, and it is the sentimentalist and the Government which make the two most important factors in the Consol Market to-day.

## THE TIME TO TURN OUT TRUNKS.

A long and protracted rise, due to good traffics, conservative monthly statements, and phenomenal prosperity in Canada, has left Grand Trunk stocks within an ace of the best prices touched for many years. The prudent policy of the directorate is beyond all praise, and those who stuck to their Trunks through all the dreary days of the old régime must be sighing with intense relief at the higher, quieter waters into which their present steersmen have guided them. Public opinion has been turned towards Trunks; a new wave of speculative activity has set in, and the stiff rates demanded at the last settlement give ample proof that the provincials are freely on the feed. They say that you should buy when things are flat and sell them when they're good. In applying the second half of the maxim to Grand Trunk junior stocks—we look on the First Preference as an excellent investment, well secured—regard must be had to the curious coincidence that the last few traffics were beneath the market's expectations. And, in our opinion, these disappointments are likely to continue, since the coming figures will go against those of the Buffalo Exhibition time, and, moreover, Canadian progress moves in cycles just as everything else does. Trunk Third Preference and the Ordinary should both be sold, even as speculations; the Second Preference is not a nice holding for those whose stocks give them trouble in the night season, and only the senior Trunks are really worth support for the time being.

## THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO SETTLEMENT.

Now that we are in the middle of the Special Settlement in Imperial Tobacco Preference shares and Debenture stock, the latter may receive more attention than it has done up to the present as the medium for the investor's money. At the current quotation of 2½ premium there is hardly a better 4½ per cent. Debenture stock of similar type to be found in the market. Those who demand solid reasons for the statement have but to look up our City page of May 14, when the figures were set out in detail. Since then—last week, to be exact—the statutory meeting of the Company has been held, and, although it lasted only ten minutes, the short time was enough for Mr. W. D. Wills to say that the combine is in a flourishing condition and that its profits are increasing. The Preference shares keep steadily in the neighbourhood of eighteenpence premium, and, at that figure, they are by no means dear. Entitled to a cumulative dividend of 5½ per cent. per annum, the return to a purchaser at 22s. net is precisely 5 per cent. Industrial Preference shares should, it is frequently urged, return between 4½ and 5 per cent., to compensate for the narrow market which is commonly theirs, but in the case of "Smokes" there is not much fear of any difficulty arising in their negotiability, and a quiet advance to five-and-twenty shillings seems by no means improbable.

## A MENACE TO THE MARKET.

Naturally enough, the cry again is raised, Why should speculators in the Stock Exchange be allowed to plunge to such an extent as to endanger the Kaffir Market's equilibrium, to unfairly depreciate the value of shares held by people outside as speculative investments? Here are men, it is reasonably advanced, who are permitted to pile up the purchase of shares which their finances do not in the least warrant, to a degree which (if prices fail to move as they want them to do) causes any amount of forced selling, to the consequent discrediting and lowering of quotations all round, the Kaffir being not the only market affected by these insensate gamblers. While we heartily sympathise with the indignation of those who see their shares tossed about by reason of the over-speculation of a certain Stock Exchange section, we are fain to confess that no remedy presents itself to our mind.

More: in times of stress, such as last week brought, the holder of good securities, Kaffir or otherwise, has many an opportunity offered him for acquiring cheaper stock, and he would do well to embrace such chances. By the rules of the Stock Exchange, a man who is offering or bidding for anything in a market is bound to deal with the person who takes from him or sells him what he wants to deal in at the price he quotes. Freedom of dealing is such an essential of public utility in Stock Exchange transactions that the principle must be strictly conserved, although it may happen in some cases to defeat those very ends for whose preservation it is most prized.

## OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

According to our custom, we give this week a letter from our Broken Hill Correspondent on some of the principal mines of the Barrier and the general position of matters on that field.

Broken Hill, May 5, 1902.

This letter is three or four weeks overdue. I have delayed writing, hoping that each week would bring forth a change in the outlook; but the change hasn't yet arrived. Things are certainly better than they were at the beginning of the year, but the tide washes to and fro and doesn't run consistently forward. Lead sticks between £11 10s. and £11 15s. That is decidedly better than £10 5s., but it is not high enough. We are not greedy; £13 would suit us very well under the altered condition of affairs, but the metal won't go to £13. The depression, however, has done this much good to Broken Hill—it has forced the mines to adopt certain economies in mining and milling which will place them, with lead at £13 per ton, on almost the same footing as when, under other conditions, lead was £16 10s. to £17 per ton. This is a strong statement to make; but, though I have made it before, a leading manager also gave it to the world as a fact only two nights ago. It was Captain Warren, the retiring General Manager of Block 10, who said it, and he spoke most optimistically of the future.

In his opinion, the end of the depression was in sight. We, of course, have to work out that deduction from current events; as a matter of fact, we are kept in entire ignorance in Australia of the workings of the Metal Markets. But it truly appears as if Mr. Warren's prediction was not mere wind.

Local occurrences since the beginning of the year have all tended to further the life of the field and lessen the cost of working—therefore, the margin between profit and loss is lowered. One huge factor in the to-be prosperity is the Carmichael-Bradford desulphurising process for treating slimes and concentrates preparatory to smelting. I have already described the process. It has since been subjected to lengthy tests on all classes of Broken Hill products with complete success. The process has, as a result, been materially simplified, and now the work of desulphurisation is rapid, cheap, and complete. There is no loss of the metal contents, the remnant of sulphur in the product ranges from 1¼ to 5 per cent. (some sulphur is necessary for smelting), the old "roasting" is done away with, and the time occupied for the whole treatment averages about two hours. Two of the big Barrier Mines seem inclined to adopt the process; a third (the Proprietary) is holding back until the directors have seen it in work. Meantime, the Proprietary has experimentally installed a Huntington-Heberlein plant at Port Pirie. This process is older than the "C.-B.," and legal complications may follow the general adoption of the latter, though the "C.-B." people are confident there is no infringement of patent rights. A Judge will probably be of the same opinion. The "H.-H." process, it is alleged, is more costly, slower, and not so thorough as the other.

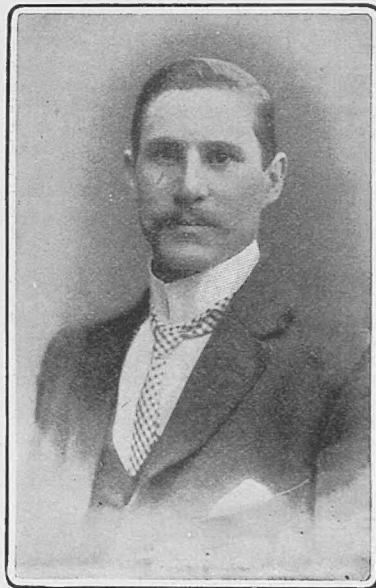
Another factor tending to the renewed life of the Hill is the economies effected in work on the mines. Proprietary, Central (Sulphide Corporation), and South have led in this matter. By paring here and there, reorganising the shifts, and by altering matters of detail, the Companies have saved considerably in the initial costs. The South, which, as I have predicted in these letters, has become one of the big mines of the Barrier, has done especial wonders. One result of these economies is that, even with low lead, the Proprietary and South have each been able to declare a shilling dividend. These dividends, by the way, are having a strengthening effect on the local market.

A number of mines are still closed down, or doing simple development work. Those working full time are the Proprietary, Central, South, and Block 10. The Proprietary is steadily increasing its output. Underground, work is being expedited in one section by the introduction of electric traction. So far, the system has achieved everything claimed for it, so that ere long electricity will be introduced right through the mine.

The chief step taken by the Sulphide Corporation lately is to start baling out the water from the old Extended shaft, the deepest on the Barrier. In the old days, good



MR. A. D. CARMICHAEL.

*Photograph by Johnstone O'Shannessy & Co., Melbourne.*

MR. LESLIE BRADFORD

*Photograph by the Bond Studios, Adelaide.*



sulphides were struck here, but sulphides were not then wanted. When the shaft is unwatered to the 1000-foot level, a drive is to be put in towards the Central Mine, and when connection is made, not only will the Corporation have a larger area of ground to work on, but it will have a fresh shaft. Underground, this mine looks good enough to satisfy the most critical, and on the surface the Mechernich zinc plant continues to do excellent work. (Why the Australian Metal Company, after repeatedly promising to do so, fails to re-start its zinc-works is one of those things no one here can understand.)

The South Mine ranks now as one of the big mines of the field. An expensive re-treating plant has just been completed here. Underground, at all points, and especially at the 800-foot, the faces are full of good sulphides, the stopes are everywhere looking splendid, and there is enough ore in sight to keep the mine going for several years. This mine well deserves the attention of English speculators.

Block 10 has been doing regular work; but, beyond that, its chief action has been to accept the resignation of its General Manager, Captain J. Warren, one of the best miners on the field and one of the most respected men. A quarrel with the Board was the cause. The new Manager, Mr. F. Stanley Low, is, so far, an unknown quantity.

The British has confined its attention to prospecting, and with rather good results. The central lode was encountered at the 600-foot, followed to an end, and then a west cross-cut was put in. This is in 26 feet, all the way in excellent ore. The 400 and 500 foot levels are also "all right"; though the western body at the 600-foot still keeps out of sight. However, the central body is a big one, judging from present appearances, and when lead warrants a resumption of production the mine will be quite ready. It is a sin that shares should be so low on the Exchanges.

Another mine that has developed well at the 550-foot is the Junction, and this, too, is ready for work when the position calls for it. The North has paid off the £30,000 incurred for machinery, and promises to resume work with lead at £12; the Junction North lives and makes calls, and Block 14 continues to scoop out its carbonates while waiting. A small mine that has steadily continued to develop through Broken Hill's night is the South Blocks. This property has already proved itself. The Consols is almost a dead-letter, though the Manager expects it won't be so much longer.

Reverting to the matters of the depression and the outlook, in 1893-4 the future of Broken Hill was much more gloomy than it is to-day. Then, the carbonates were giving out, the sulphide experiments were a failure, and several of the mines saw only six months' life ahead of them. Lead fell to £9 a ton, and silver from 4s. 6½d. to 2s. 3½d. But the catastrophe was overcome, and figures prove that the present position is nothing near so ominous as that was. With its present output, the late prices for metals, £11 10s. per ton for lead, and 2s. per ounce for silver, suit the Proprietary Company better than would the lowest prices of 1893-4. And so with the other Companies. Lead, not silver, is now the more important of our products, and the lower cost of production tells on the bulk treated. Tough times seem to bring out the grit in the Managers. Their surroundings compel action; hence the recently adopted savings in time and expense and the invention of economical processes. The zinc problem, like the sulphide problem, is no longer a fact. Difficulties have been overcome, one after the other, to a degree at one time voted impossible. Of course, there is still room for improvement. The cheaper treatment of the crudes and the recovery of the metals that go away in the tailings and slimes—these questions are still open to solution, even though the recovery of the metals is being steadily improved right along the line of lode. But a scheme for treating crudes as revolutionary in its action as that brought to notice by Messrs. Carmichael and Bradford in the treatment of the concentrates is still awaited. Maybe, when hit upon, it will prove as simple as the gypsum solution of the desulphurising process.

By the way, Mr. A. D. Carmichael, associated with Mr. Leslie Bradford in the desulphurising process, is a Scot, from Lanarkshire, and is now forty-three years of age. Educated in Glasgow, he won a high standing in that city as a chemist. He came to Australia in 1889, and is now Chief Chemist on the Proprietary Mine. Mr. Bradford was born at Delhi, India, in March 1878, but received his technical education in Australia. He is Chief Assayer on the Broken Hill Proprietary Mine, an enviable position for a young man of twenty-four. The photos of these two gentlemen accompany this letter.

Saturday, June 14, 1902.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ST. RONANS.—It is possible that the manufacture of motors may improve the Company's position, but we have little faith in the shares as a speculation.

F. G. L.—Your reasoning may be sound and the shares go much better, but to argue about the price of Mining shares, on the assumption that, when more ore is treated, the same grade will be maintained, is never safe. Unless you have inside information, we think your speculation is a very risky one, and in the present state of the Westralian Market you may easily make a bad loss.

A. E. W.—If we had known you were carrying over the shares, we should have put the prices lower. You are sure to burn your fingers in the long run. Ask yourself whether it is probable that a lady with no knowledge or experience, and acting on casual tips, is likely to make money by speculating in Mining shares. As soon as you can get out without loss, sell the whole lot and give the game up.

SKYLARK.—The Dock Company has a Bill before Parliament, and the expectation that it will pass has put prices up. The Bill is to enable the Dock Company to charge on goods put into lighters. We think you might hold your Preference B shares, and sell your Preferred Ordinary.

HOUTPOORT.—No information is obtainable about this concern. It was introduced the other day, but as to capital, property, &c., nobody knows anything. It may be put better, but to buy is a sheer gamble.

WARLOCK.—The market thinks well of A, B, and D, although the latter is a purely investment stock. We should sell C, and prefer Great Westerns to either E, F, or G.

The Directors of Brooke, Bond, and Co., Limited, have issued their Report and Balance-sheet for the financial year to May 31, showing that the net profit for the year, after deducting Directors' fees and all other charges, amounts to £42,035 3s. 4d., and, with £2474 3s. 1d. brought forward from last year, there is a sum of £44,509 6s. 5d. to the credit of the Profit and Loss Account. The Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, and, in addition, a bonus of sixpence per share. They propose to carry £13,000 to Reserve, which will then stand at £140,000; to transfer £500 to the Provident Fund, and £441 5s. 9d. to Insurance and Contingency Fund, making that account £5000. The balance of £2241 5s. 8d. is to be carried forward to next year's account.

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